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1/

LONDON NEWS

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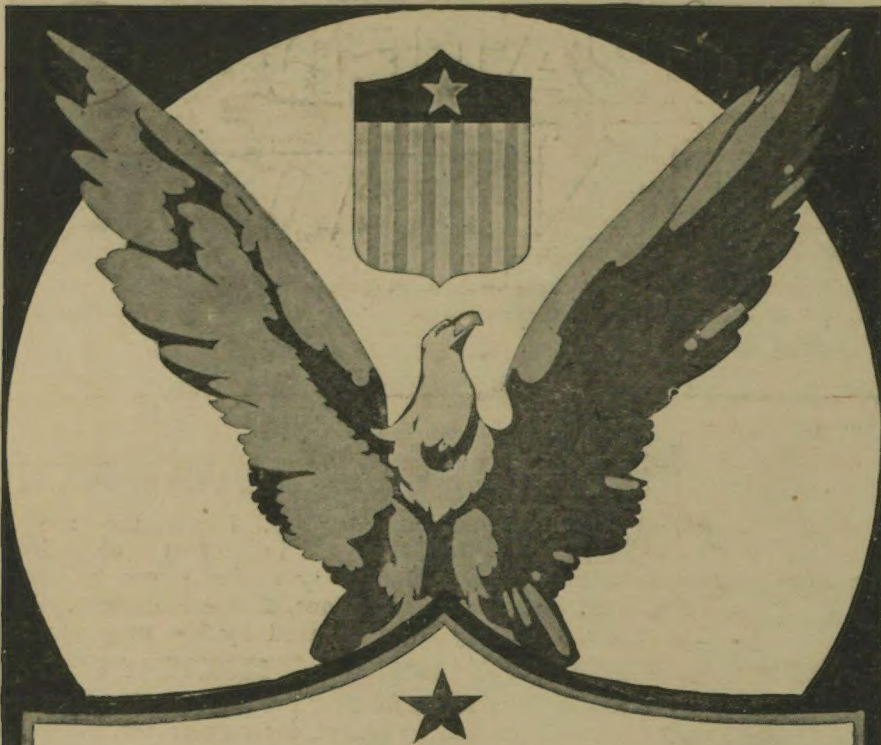
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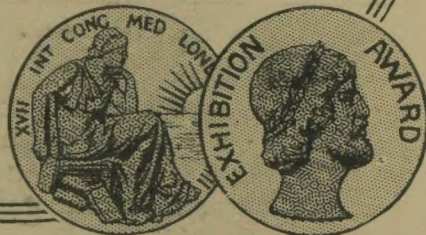
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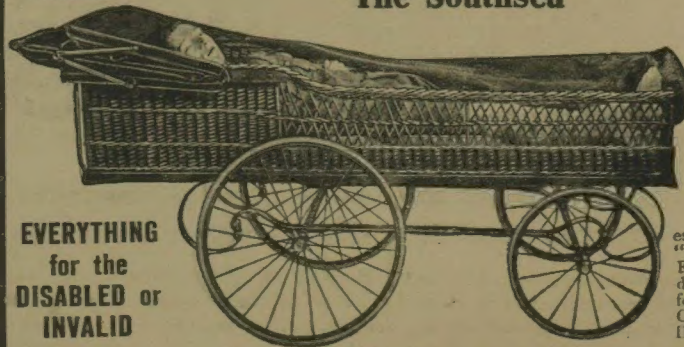
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1922.

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"BRITAIN'S GREATEST AMBASSADOR" AS A JAPANESE RETAINER: THE PRINCE OF WALES (CENTRE) WITH LIEUT. LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, R.N. (RIGHT) AND CAPTAIN E. D. METCALFE, ON A FANCY-DRESS OCCASION IN THE "RENOVN."

The whole nation has been rejoicing this week over the return of the Prince of Wales from his latest and greatest tour, to India and Japan. The "Renown" was timed to reach Plymouth on the evening of Tuesday, June 20, and the Prince arranged to give a dinner on board, with his brother, the Duke of York, who went to Plymouth to welcome him, among the guests. On the following day London prepared to give the Prince a right royal reception. The Prince and his

two Aides-de-Camp on the tour are here seen in the picturesque attire of Japanese retainers, correct down to the division in the stocking for the big toe. Behind them is the Japanese flag of the Rising Sun. Lord Louis Mountbatten, it will be remembered, is to be a bridegroom shortly—his wedding to Miss Edwina Ashley being fixed for July 18—and it has been suggested that the Prince of Wales may perhaps act as his "best man."

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE echoes of the ethical debate originated by the Dean of St. Paul's, about Victorian and modern fiction, can still be heard. And as I have sometimes differed from the Dean, I should like to say something which, if not wholly on his side, is still less on the other side. In this case I think there are mistakes on both sides; but I do think there is a great deal of truth in the Dean's case, and a great deal of cant in the current and fashionable answer to it. The cant of candour can be far more nauseous than the cant of concealment; for it is the former that really pretends to innocence and ignores evil. But the defence of virtue is one thing, and the defence of Victorianism quite another; and if our age is not virtuous, it is not merely through not being Victorian.

Victorian prudery or purity (whichever we call it) was in one point like many other Victorian things. It is like the Party System; like the later Oxford and Cambridge; like the gentry as a governing class. The point in which all these Victorian things are alike may be stated thus. If we compare them with what *might* have replaced them, they were bad things. If we compare them with what *has* replaced them, they were uncommonly good ones.

To begin with, the Victorian party talk too much as if the reign of Victoria reached back to the reign of Boadicea. Most of them, like myself, were born under the old Queen, and we cannot help vaguely feeling that what was before us was made before the hills. This is the primary and most perilous blunder, and not only in the matter of novels. To take but one other case, half the cross-purposes about Capital and Labour would be straightened out, if everybody realised that Capitalism is nearly as new a thing as Bolshevism. The whole wage system, with its millions of employees, is itself a form of industrial unrest, being a phase of the industrial revolution. Over nearly the whole stretch of human history there was much more equality in property, or much more security even in slavery. And as it was with property, so it was with propriety. The Victorian verbal convention was quite new, and not a little crude. Apart from the literature of the present, it had to expurgate all the great literature of the past. No man sane in his social instincts disturbs himself merely to disturb minor conventions. But these were only minor conventions; and no man need weep if they are as unknown in the future as they were in the world of Chaucer or of Thomas More. But this is just where the vital difference appears. This is what I mean by saying that whether they were good depends on what has replaced them.

All would be well, if these conventions had been replaced by convictions. But they are not; at the best they are replaced by conjectures. What is the matter with the modern novel, in too many cases, is not only moral anarchy but mental anarchy. The new novelists have not used their freedom so much to form and enforce certain views of the truth, as to flounder about among various irresponsible moods

and appetites, with a vague idea that a view of truth may come to them in the process. Of course, I am not speaking of all the novelists; but even of the greatest, like Mr. Wells, this tentative and indeterminate character is true. All his books might be bound under the title of one of them: "The Research Magnificent." That is exactly the difference between search and research. The man searching knows what he is searching for. The man researching is only searching for whatever he may happen to find. Only it does not seem to me that in this particular search he finds very much. I cannot feel that the research is very magnificent, at least in its results. But the point is that such writers do not end anywhere because they do not begin anywhere; because they do not know

That is the difference between the very new writers and the very old ones, who were quite as gross by Victorian standards. The old writers knew exactly what they thought about things, and then wrote about the things. They did not write with a moral purpose, but with a moral assumption. The author of "Macbeth" can sympathise with a murderer; but the whole play would be meaningless if there were a moral doubt about murder, like the modern doubt about marriage. But the modern writer does not know what he thinks; and has a faint hope of finding out by describing how he feels. Hence we have mere description of sensations, including sensual sensations, for their own sake. I have read many a novel that was in no sense whatever a story, but a

string of quite detached episodes exemplifying nothing except the fact that human beings have desires and desires are sometimes debased; a fact which I certainly need not go outside my own soul to discover. But while I agree with Dean Inge that there is a great deal of senseless appeal to sense floating about in our fiction, I agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw that mere Victorian reticence is not the remedy and was even in some sense the disease. It was because, somewhere about the generation of Thackeray, men were *not* so certain as they had been about their religion and morality, that the religion and morality were hedged in with a new and crude respectability. "Measure for Measure" is much more plain-spoken than "Vanity Fair"; but Shakespeare was much more certain of the superiority of Isabella than Thackeray of the superiority of Amelia. Anyhow, the Victorians must not talk as if Victorianism was there when the foundations of the world were laid. Victorianism was not the beginning of the world. It was rather the beginning of the end.

For the case is altered when we consider, not what came before it, but what came after it. If aristocracy were replaced by democracy, good; if by plutocracy, bad. If capitalism gave place to democratic distribution, it would be an improvement. If it gives place to the Servile State, it will not be an improvement. If the change

means that there shall be a real attack on official corruption, instead of a sham party attack, the change will be for the better. If it means that there shall be no attack on corruption at all, it will be for the worse. And in the same way, if the facts of reality really took the place of the fictions of respectability, it might be a good thing. But in fiction we only get the fictions, with nothing new about them except that they are not respectable. They are not the facts of reality, but merely the feelings of realists. What strikes me about the string of amorous episodes in the ultra-modern novel, is their purely subjective character; that is, their unreality. They are literally like dreams, in the sense of being conceived as without consequences. Young women appear and disappear as if they only existed during the hour of flirtation. Compared with all this psychological phantasmagoria, we can truly say that respectability is itself a form of reality. And in that sense the Victorians have the last word, after all.



"THE ENTENTE CORDIALE STILL LIVES": (LEFT TO RIGHT) MARSHAL PÉTAİN, IN CIVILIAN DRESS; M. POINCARÉ; AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AT DOWNING STREET.

The great welcome given to M. Poincaré and Marshal Pétain in London and the sincerity of the Verdun celebrations, caused the "Matin" to declare: "The Entente Cordiale still lives between the French and British peoples." On Monday, June 19, M. and Mme. Poincaré and Marshal Pétain were the guests of the Prime Minister at Downing Street; and after luncheon, the two Premiers retired to the Cabinet room for an informal conversation on political affairs. The Earl of Balfour was also present.

Photograph by Maull and Fox, Ltd.

where to begin. They have no first principles, such as make the foundation for the Greek Tragedy or the Divine Comedy. They have not the mastery of sorrow and sin, because they have not made up their minds what is sin, or even what is sorrow. They have only the passive mood that we call passion. They can only sleep and talk in their sleep; recounting their dreams, especially their nightmares. Dreams are sometimes very degrading, nightmares are always diabolical; and this drifting and dreaming method is therefore sometimes touched with degradation and diabolism. But the original weakness is intellectual rather than ethical. I do not accuse them of seeking for immorality. What I do accuse them of is seeking for morality. In other words, of not having any morality, and not really knowing how to find one. That is what is the matter with the earnest, enterprising, scientific sexual study, now offered us as a work of fiction. It is a novel with a purpose; and its purpose is to discover its purpose.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS: COLOGNE CRICKET; TWO PREMIERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, C.N., ELLIOTT AND FRY, PHOTOPRESS, DEUTMAN, AND SWAINE.



CRICKET AT COLOGNE: MEMBERS OF AN M.C.C. TEAM AND THAT OF THE ARMY OF THE RHINE WHICH RECENTLY PLAYED TWO MATCHES.



A WEDDING ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: A BRIDAL GROUP AT THE MARRIAGE OF LADY JOAN CAPELL TO MR. OSBERT PEAKE.



THE FRENCH PREMIER WITH THE BRITISH CABINET: (LEFT TO RIGHT IN FRONT ROW) MR. CHURCHILL, THE EARL OF BALFOUR, M. POINCARÉ, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AND MARSHAL PÉTAIN (IN CIVILIAN DRESS), AT DOWNING STREET.



ARRESTED IN DISGUISE IN VIENNA: MR. G. L. BEVAN, THE MISSING FINANCIER.



THE ONLY WOMAN WRANGLER IN THE CAMBRIDGE TRIPOS LISTS: MISS A. M. COOTE (NEWNHAM).



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND'S DAUGHTER IN FLEMISH PEASANT DRESS: PRINCESS JULIANA (CENTRE) WITH HER MAIDS OF HONOUR.



A NOTED EDUCATOR'S DEATH: THE LATE MR. F. W. SANDERSON, HEADMASTER OF OUNDLE.



BIG-GAME HUNTER, TRAVELLER, AND NATURALIST: THE LATE MAJOR H. HESKETH PRICHARD, D.S.O., M.C.

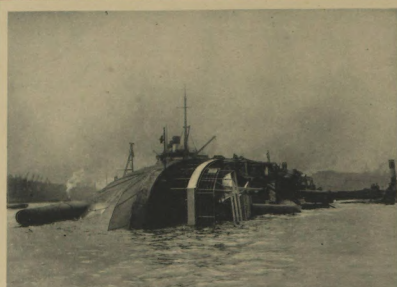
An M.C.C. team recently visited Cologne and played two matches against the Army of the Rhine. The first was drawn, and the Army won the second. Our photograph shows (left to right): Back row—Sergeant F. W. Biles, T. B. Angliss, N. H. Saint, E. T. Buller, E. A. Barry, Lieutenant Jennings (scorer), H. G. Leighton (scorer), and Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Lecky (umpire). Second row—Lieutenant-Colonel D. Burgess, V.C. (umpire), F. P. Macintyre, J. Brittain-Jones, Captain N. H. V. Lyon, Captain P. Ashton, Major R. W. Airey, C. J. Wilson, F. G. Cath, and L. Marzetti. Sitting—Lieutenant-Colonel C. L. Matthews, Major R. S. Swallowell, J. I. Pigott, Rev. F. H. Gillingham, Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Barber, Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Fox, and Lieutenant-Colonel R. Foster. In front—Major L. O. G.

Blackburn, Major R. O. Edwards, and Captain E. F. Campbell.—Mr. Osbert Peake and Lady Joan Capell, daughter of Adèle Countess of Essex, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on June 19.—The Downing Street group shows (l. to r.) Second row—2. Mr. Shortt (Home Secretary), 3. the Comte de St. Aulaire (French Ambassador), 4. Sir Robert Horne, 6. Sir Ian Macpherson, 7. Sir L. Worthington-Evans, 8. Lord Derby, 9. Sir Alfred Mond, 10. Sir A. Griffith Boscawen, 11. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher. Back row—1. Dr. Macnamara, 3. Lord Lee, 4. Sir W. Sutherland, 5. Sir Ernest Pollock, 6. Sir Hamar Greenwood.—Mr. Sanderson died suddenly after lecturing at University College.—Major Hesketh Prichard did valuable work in the war as a teacher of marksmanship, *vide* his book, "Sniping in France."

EVENTS OF THE WEEK: A CAPSIZED LINER; ASCOT GOLD CUP; WIMBLEDON; IRISH ELECTIONS; THE PRINCE IN EGYPT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUGE (BERLIN), FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., ROUGH, PHOTOGRAPHS.

TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., L.N.A., AND RUSSELL (WINDSOR).



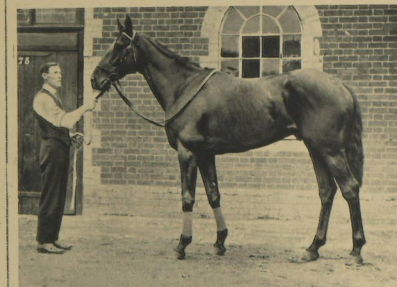
CAPSIZED AT HAMBURG WITH THE LOSS OF FORTY LIVES: THE 12,000-TON BRAZILIAN LINER "AVARÉ" (EX-"SIERRA NEVADA").



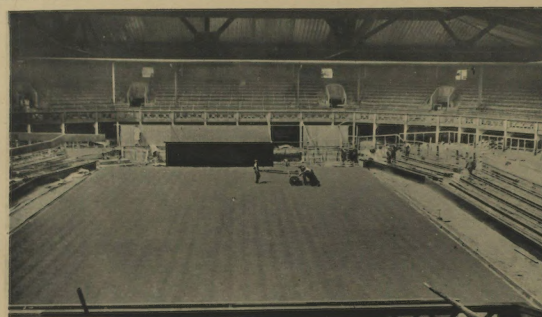
RESCUE-WORK ON THE SIDE OF THE CAPSIZED "AVARÉ": ONE OF THE 160 MEN ON BOARD BEING PULLED THROUGH A SPECIALLY-CUT HOLE.



FIRST OF THE ROYAL FAMILY TO WELCOME HOME THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE DUKE OF YORK, ON A ROUNDABOUT AT GREAT BOOKHAM.



THE FIRST HORSE SINCE 1873 TO WIN BOTH THE GOLD CUP AND THE GOLD VASE AT ASCOT: SIR GEORGE BULLOUGH'S BAY COLT, GOLDEN MYTH.



FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE "LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON": ROLLING THE NEW CENTRE COURT.



DEFEATED IN THE DUBLIN ELECTIONS: COUNTESS BOOTH'S WITH HER BICYCLE.



MARKIEVITCH (ANTI-TREATY) TOURING THE POLLING-BOOTH DURING THE DUBLIN ELECTIONS.



JUDGING FRENCH BULL-DOGS AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL HALL: A CLASS AT THE PEKINGESE AND FRENCH BULL-DOG SHOW.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN EGYPT: H.R.H. ON HIS POLO PONY ABOUT TO PLAY FOR THE TEAM WHICH WON KING FUAD'S CUP.



WHERE THE PRO-TREATY PARTY GAINED NOTABLE SUCCESS: THE IRISH FREE STATE ELECTIONS.



SUCCESS: DUBLIN—A BUSY POLLING-BOOTH DURING THE DUBLIN ELECTIONS.



COMMEMORATING 14,000 OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FOOT GUARDS: THE NEW MEMORIAL REREDOS IN THE GARRISON CHURCH (HOLY TRINITY) AT WINDSOR.

The Brazilian steamer "Avaré" suddenly capsized on June 16, while being towed out of dock at Hamburg, where she went for repairs at the Vulkan Works. There were 160 men on board, besides dockyard mechanics. On the 18th it was stated that 28 of the Brazilian crew and 14 German smiths and painters were missing. The "Avaré" was formerly the "Sierra Nevada," of the Hamburg-South America Line, and was handed over to Brazil under the Peace Treaty. The Duke of York went to Plymouth on June 20 to welcome his brother, the Prince of Wales, on his return from his Eastern tour. While in Egypt the Prince played in a polo match at Gezira, near Cairo, on June 10. His side beat the 9th Lancers by 6 goals to 2, thus winning King Fuad's Cup. The Prince himself shot two goals.—Sir George Bullough's four-year-old bay colt, Golden Myth, had a remarkable double success at Ascot, winning the Gold Vase on the 13th and the Gold Cup on the 15th. C. Elliott was the jockey in both races. The last time this rare "double" was accomplished was in 1879, by

Isonomy.—The new All-England Lawn Tennis Ground at Wimbledon is to be opened on June 26, when the first rounds of the Championships meeting will begin. Workmen have been busy finishing the great covered stands round the centre court.—The Pro-Treaty Party did well in Dublin in the Irish Free State elections. Countess Markievitch was one of the Anti-Treaty candidates defeated in the southern division of the city.—The Pekingese and French Bull-dog Show was held in the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on June 19.—At Holy Trinity Church (the Garrison Church) Windsor, on June 18, was dedicated a new reredos, designed by Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A., as a memorial to 14,000 officers, N.C.O.s, and men of the Foot Guards who fell in the war. The Roll of Honour was placed in position by the Duke of Connaught, as senior Colonel of the Brigade of Guards. The dedication was performed by Bishop Shaw, Archdeacon of Oxford. After the service the Royal Horse Guards and the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards marched past the Duke outside the church.

OUTRAGE IN IRELAND: MURDER AND ARSON ON THE

DRAWN BY L. RAVEN HILL, OUR SPECIAL

ULSTER BORDER—"FIENDISH CRUELTY ALMOST PAST BELIEF."

ARTIST ON THE ULSTER BORDER.



A SON SHOT BEFORE THE EYES OF HIS MOTHER: THE MURDER OF JAMES LOCKHART AT

Mr. L. Raven Hill, the famous "Punch" cartoonist, whose drawings of Belfast outrages appeared in our issue of April 1 last, has again acted as our special artist to illustrate the terrible raids on loyalists at Altnaveigh and Lisdrumliska, in Southern Armagh, on June 17, when five people (including a woman) were shot dead and another mortally wounded. The events at Altnaveigh are dealt with on the succeeding page. Describing the scene at Lisdrumliska shown above, the "Morning Post" says: "William Lockhart lived with his wife, three daughters, and two sons in a small but substantial farmhouse on the side of the road. In the house adjoining, Edward Little lived with his wife and family. They were awakened in the early hours of the morning by shots being fired and bombs being thrown into their homes. They were ordered out, and both families lined up against the wall of the houses on the roadside. Kerosene

LISDRUMLISKA, WHERE TWO FAMILIES WERE LINED UP OUTSIDE THEIR BURNING HOUSES.

was thrown into the houses, which were destroyed by fire. The fiendish cruelty of the succeeding incident is almost past belief. The raiders instructed James Lockhart, a lad of twenty-one, and a son of Edward Little, aged fifteen years, to proceed up the road. Mrs. Lockhart called out: 'Jim, what are they going to do?' As he turned to speak to her one of the men said: 'You won't obey, won't you?' and straightway shot him through the heart with a revolver. Young Little was taken away and threatened with death if he refused to disclose the names of any 'Specials' who were living in the district. He replied: 'I don't know anyone,' and stoutly refused any information. After further questioning he was sent back to the family. The raiders wore their caps pulled well over their eyes." A distinctive clipped may-tree is almost immediately behind the murdered boy in the picture. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

OUTRAGE IN IRELAND: FOUR MEN AND AN OLD WOMAN SHOT DEAD.

DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY L. RAVEN HILL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE ULSTER BORDER.



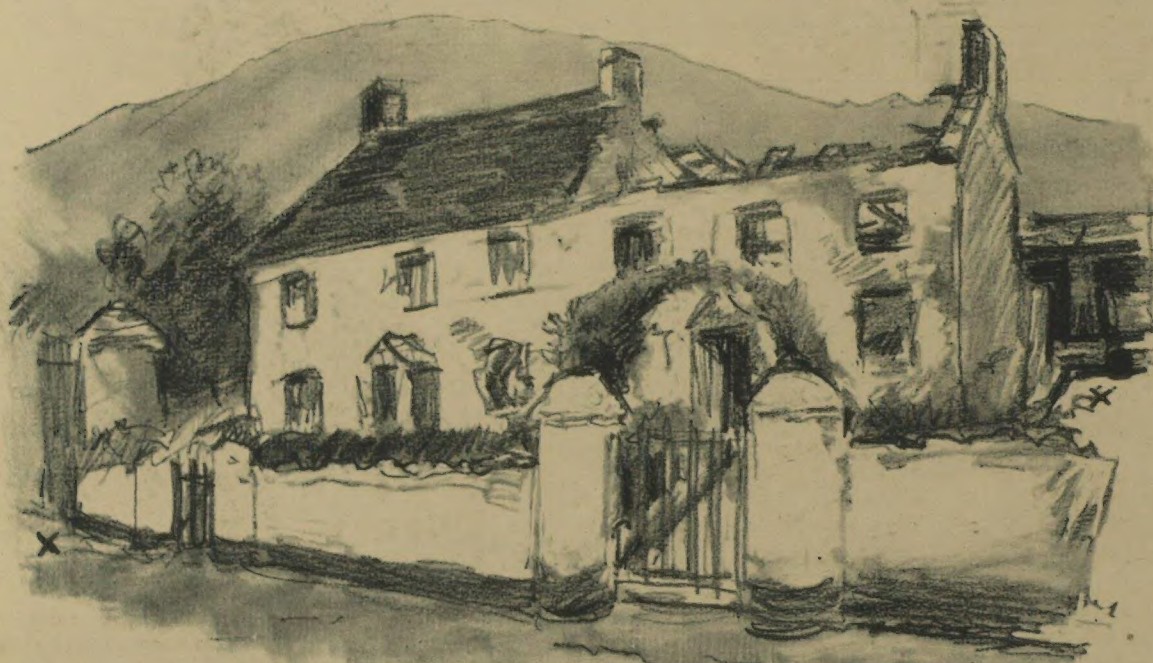
SHOT BEFORE HIS MOTHER'S EYES: JAMES LOCKHART, OF LISDRUMLISKA.



SHOT WITH HIS SON: JOHN HEASLIP, OF LISDRUMLISKA.



SHOT WITH HIS FATHER: ROBERT HEASLIP, OF LISDRUMLISKA.



SHOWING THE SPOT (X, EXTREME LEFT) WHERE THE HEASLIPS WERE KILLED, AND (X, EXTREME RIGHT) THAT WHERE JAMES GRAY AND HIS SON WERE SHOT: COTTAGES AT LISDRUMLISKA.



AN OLD MAN NEARLY SEVENTY SHOT DEAD AT ALTNAVEIGH: THOMAS CROZIER.



SHOWING THE PORCH IN WHICH THE OLD COUPLE, THOMAS CROZIER AND HIS WIFE, WERE SHOT FROM A FEW YARDS AWAY: THEIR BUNGALOW COTTAGE AT ALTNAVEIGH.



AN OLD WOMAN NEARLY SEVENTY SHOT DEAD AT ALTNAVEIGH: MRS. CROZIER.

"Thomas Crozier," says the "Morning Post," "lived with his wife and family at Altaveigh. . . . Shortly after 2.30 a.m. on June 17, the family were awakened by the sound of firing. Mr. Crozier went to the door, but could hear nothing. About half an hour later firing commenced close to the house and two bullets slightly wounded two of the inmates. A bomb was thrown through a window. Thomas Crozier went to the front door and called out. He saw some men standing just in front of him, and as he called they fired. He fell back dead into the arms of his son-in-law. Mrs. Crozier had come to the door and called

out by name one of the men. Immediately she received a bullet in her arm, which was so badly smashed that she died soon after from loss of blood. The raiders then went away." Describing the left-hand drawing in the middle row, Mr. L. Raven Hill writes: "The Sinn Feiners shot James Gray and his son Joseph at the spot marked x on the right. The latter has died from his wounds. Meanwhile the Heaslip family in the next house had been ordered into a stable at the back of their house, and John Heaslip and his son Robert were taken away and shot at the gate marked x on the left."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.]

OUTRAGE IN IRELAND: SINN FEIN CRIMES ON THE ULSTER BORDER.

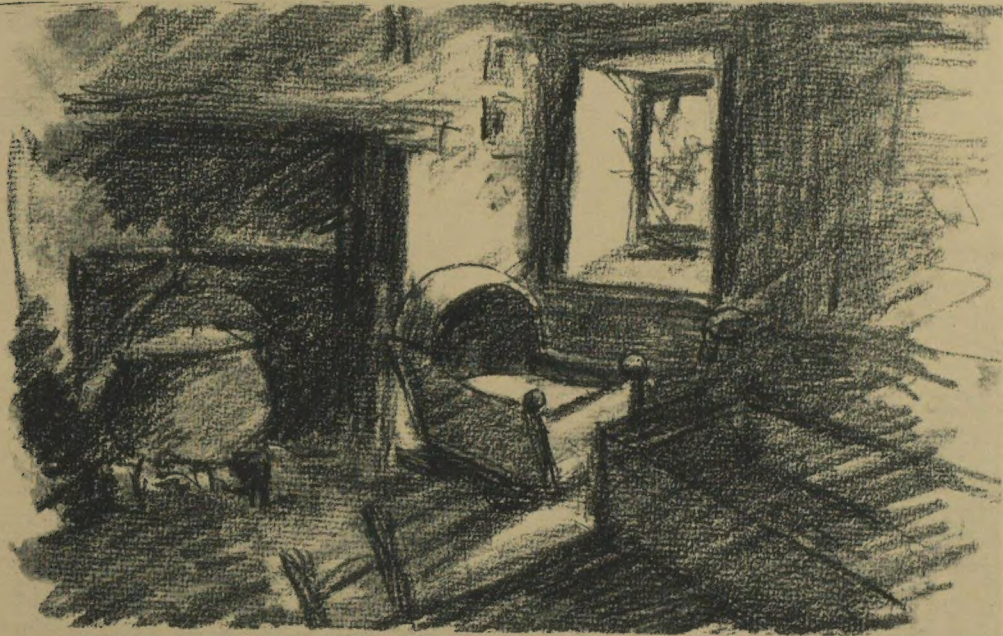
DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, L. RAVEN HILL.



SHOWING THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH THE FAMILY ESCAPED:
JOSEPH LITTLE'S HOUSE AT ALTNAVEIGH



"THE RAIDERS COMPLETELY DESTROYED THEIR HOUSE BY FIRE": THE HOME OF JOSEPH LITTLE
AT ALTNAVEIGH, IN SOUTHERN ARMAGH, AFTER THE OUTRAGE.



WHERE A TORCH FLUNG THROUGH THE WINDOW SET FIRE TO THE CLOTHING OF BOYS ASLEEP IN
THE BOX BED (ON THE RIGHT): A ROOM IN EDWARD LITTLE'S HOUSE AT LISDRUMLISKA.



THREATENED WITH DEATH UNLESS HE GAVE THE NAMES OF
"SPECIALS" LIVING IN THE DISTRICT: EDWARD LITTLE'S SON.



"THAT THE MASSACRES WERE ORGANISED IS PROVED BY THE TRENCHES MADE IN THREE PLACES ON THE MAIN DUBLIN ROAD FROM NEWRY": A LAND MINE
ON THE ROAD, TO THE RIGHT OF WHICH LIE LISDRUMLISKA AND ALTNAVEIGH.

The "Morning Post" account says: "That the massacres were organised is proved by the trenches made in three places on the main Dublin road from Newry. The villages lie to the right of the road in wild and desolate country. The district is largely inhabited by Presbyterians, and there is a large Sinn Fein camp not far away. . . . Living next door to the Croziers (at Altnaveigh) were Joseph Little and his family of eight children. When they heard the firing they managed to escape by a window at the back of their house. Though pursued they got away.

The raiders completely destroyed their house by fire." In the house adjoining that of William Lockhart at Lisdrumliska, Edward Little lived with his wife and family. Both houses were set on fire and destroyed, except the room in Edward Little's house shown in the left-hand drawing of the middle row above. The terrible scene that followed, when both families were lined up in the road outside, and a son was shot before his mother's eyes, is illustrated and described on the previous double-page in this number.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



A FAMOUS ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THIS YEAR'S GREAT SUMMER RACE-MEETING SPOILT BY WEATHER: "ROYAL ASCOT IN RAIN," BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.; PAINTED ON THE COURSE.



A SUNNY AUTEUIL: A FRENCH ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF A GREAT FRENCH MEETING—"THE PADDOCK AT AUTEUIL," BY M. ROUSSEAU DECELLE; EXHIBITED IN THE SALON.

The elements were not kind to Ascot this year, for most of the meeting took place amid rain and cold winds, and summer frocks were either spoilt or discarded for furs and mackintoshes. As Lady Diana Cooper put it, in her description of the event, "It was more like the Retreat from Moscow. . . . Perhaps the happiest man on the course was that famous artist Sir John Lavery, who, clad in top hat, ulster, and goloshes, sublimely indifferent to the crowds, the rain, and the racing, ensconced in a quiet corner of the Members' Stand, continued painting busily all day long." The result of his work is reproduced above.—The Auteuil meeting was held on Sunday, June 18, under more favourable conditions. The "Grand Steeplechase" of 1922 was the last occasion when the old stands

and track were used, for a complete rearrangement of the course is to be carried out in time for next year's races. For some years it has been evident that the paddock and stands at Auteuil were too small to accommodate the great numbers of spectators, and the work would have been done earlier but for the war. The three grand stands, those of the paddock to left and right of the President's box, and that of the pavilion still further to the right, will all be similar in appearance and arrangement. Their two storeys will be entirely roofed over—a point of great importance at a course which is often open in bad weather as well as in the fine season. The track itself will not be crossed at any point by the public.

SIR JOHN LAVERY'S PICTURE REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. COPYRIGHT OF M. DECELLE'S PICTURE BY THE SYNDICAT DE LA PROPRIÉTÉ ARTISTIQUE, PARIS. PHOTOGRAPH BY VIZAGNOLA. COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED BY THE ARTISTS.

THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON: GREAT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.

PLAYERS OF A GAME OF WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY.

PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS CO., L.N.A., AND C.N.



MAJOR A. R. F. KINGSCOTT.



MRS. BEAMISH.



BARON H. L. DE MORSPERG.



THE FAMOUS LADY CHAMPION WHO MAY DEFEND HER TITLE: Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN.



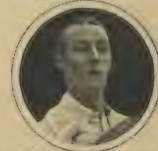
MISS E. M. HEAD.



SIR G. A. THOMAS, BT.



MRS. SATTERTHWAITE.



MR. J. O. ANDERSON.



MISS K. MCKANE.



MAJOR J. G. RITCHIE.



A WELL-KNOWN PLAYER FROM SOUTH AFRICA: MR. D. I. C. NORTON.



MISS INGRAM.



MR. H. ROPER BARRETT.



MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS.



MR. F. GORDON LOWE.



MISS EDITH SIGOURNEY.



MR. S. W. DOUST.



THE U.S. LADY CHAMPION WHO BEAT Mlle. LENGLEN IN THE STATES: MRS. MALLORY (LATELY BEATEN BY MISS MCKANE).



MRS. PEACOCK.



DR. A. H. FYFE.



MISS COLLYER.



MR. M. N. MISSU.



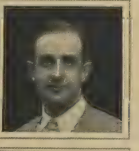
MISS E. D. HOLMAN.



MR. A. A. FYFE.



MISS P. L. HOWKINS.



MR. R. LYCETT.



MRS. CRADDOCK.



MR. T. M. MAVRO-GORDATO.



MR. W. C. CRAWLEY.



MISS RYAN.



MR. P. O'HARA WOOD.



MISS DONALDSON.



SEÑOR MANUEL ALONSO.



A WELL-KNOWN PLAYER FROM AUSTRALIA: MR. GERALD L. PATTERSON.

The vogue of lawn-tennis has increased tremendously in the last few years, and the game is now played practically all over the world. The annual championships tournament that begins at Wimbledon on June 26 has therefore aroused immense interest, and a large number of famous players will compete. At the moment of writing the actual entries and the draw for the first rounds have not been published. There has been some doubt whether Mlle. Lenglen,

the famous lady champion, would be well enough to play, but it was stated recently that she intended to do so. Enthusiasts look forward to a meeting between her and Mrs. Mallory, who defeated her in America. In the Kent tournament at Beekham Mrs. Mallory was recently beaten by Miss K. McKane, who later beat Miss Ryan in the final of the ladies' singles. Great improvements have been made at the Wimbledon ground, including a new central court.

THE EARLIEST MAN TRACKED BY A TOOTH: AN "ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY" OF HUMAN REMAINS IN PLIOCENE STRATA.

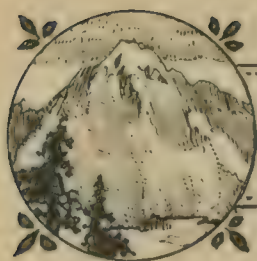
A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER.



A PREHISTORIC COLUMBUS WHO REACHED AMERICA BY LAND?—AN ARTIST'S VISION OF HESPEROPITHECUS (THE APE-MAN OF THE WESTERN WORLD) AND CONTEMPORARY ANIMALS.

The finding of a single fossil molar tooth in the Snake Creek beds of Sioux County, Nebraska, U.S.A., has led to "tremendous claims" by anthropologists as to the early origin of man. As shown in the pedigree of the human family drawn up by Professor Elliot Smith to illustrate his article (on another page) dealing with this "astounding discovery," the owner of the tooth, named *Hesperopithecus*, or the Ape-Man of the Western World, belonged to the Pliocene epoch, in which man was not hitherto known to have existed. The human remains of the later Pleistocene period represent types described as "extinct for many millennia," so that the antiquity of this earlier genus must have been enormous. Regarding the above illustration, Professor Elliot Smith says: "Mr. Forestier has made a remarkable sketch to convey some idea of the possibilities suggested by this discovery. As we know nothing of the creature's form, his reconstruction is merely the expression of an artist's brilliant imaginative genius. But if, as the peculiarities of the tooth suggest, *Hesperopithecus* was a primitive forerunner

of *Pithecanthropus*, he may have been a creature such as Mr. Forestier has depicted. He was associated with the early horse, *Pliohippus*, such strepsacerine antelopes as *Illicoceras*, and the hornless *Rhinoceros*, which was about to disappear from America altogether. Perhaps, also, the gigantic camel, *Pliacanthia*, was still alive in Nebraska, and such rodents as Mr. Forestier has shown in the hand of one of the creations of his fancy." Mr. Forestier himself writes: "This ape-man is supposed to have migrated from Asia under favourable conditions. He would compare with *Pithecanthropus*, the Java ape-man, whose proportions and attitude were those of the average Englishman. The poise of the head should be noted, large muscles from the occiput to the back and shoulders having to counteract the weight of the prognathous head and heavy jaw—a zimian character." Unlike Columbus, *Hesperopithecus* is believed to have reached America by land, travelling from Asia by "a land bridge enjoying a warm climate."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



Hesperopithecus: The Ape-Man of the Western World.

By PROFESSOR G. ELLIOTT SMITH, M.D., Litt.D., F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy in the University of London.



PROFESSOR Henry Fairfield Osborn's announcement of the discovery, in the Pliocene beds of Nebraska, of a fossil tooth, which he and his distinguished colleagues in the American Museum of Natural History are unanimous in regarding as evidence of the former existence in America of a higher representative of the Order Primates, either a new genus of anthropoid apes or of an extremely primitive member of the human family, is an event of momentous importance to every student of the history of the human family.

For many years an experienced geologist, Mr. Harold J. Cook, has been collecting the remains of the extinct fauna that lived in Western Nebraska in Pliocene times; and fourteen years ago he collaborated with Dr. W. D. Matthew, the distinguished palaeontologist of the American Museum (upon whom three years ago our Royal Society conferred its Fellowship), and compiled a remarkable inventory of the wonderful collection of mammalian remains found by them and others in a Pliocene deposit which they then distinguished as the Snake Creek beds. Since then Mr. Cook has continued the work of collecting, and has acquired a thorough knowledge of the stratigraphy and an insight into the circumstances under which fossils are discovered. Hence he is not likely to have been deceived as to the horizon in which a particular fragment was found. When, some months ago (Feb. 25, 1922) he wrote to Professor Osborn, President of the American Museum in New York, to say that he had obtained from the Upper, or Hipparion phase, of the Snake Creek beds "a molar tooth that very closely approaches the human type," the accuracy and reliability of Mr. Cook's identification of its geological age and provenance was not questioned. For he explained that "it was found associated with the other typical fossils of the Snake Creek, and is mineralised in the same fashion as they are." His claim that "whatever it is, it is certainly a contemporary fossil of the Upper Snake Creek

of distinct types have now been recognised and referred to their respective places in the human family, to justify us in drawing up a tentative chart of the pedigree of mankind. The living races of mankind all belong to the species *sapiens*; and of them the aboriginal Australian represents the most primitive type—the nearest approximation to the original *Homo sapiens* after he first separated from the now extinct species *Homo neanderthalensis*. The Negro represents the race that is next in order of antiquity, but has become specialised in a manner that offers the greatest contrast to the more primitive Australian. Yet they both retain the primitive black pigment that was probably common to all the earlier species and genera of the human family as well as their nearest relatives, the gorilla and the chimpanzee.

After the Australian and the Negro races split off from the other members of the species *sapiens*, the rest lost most of their skin pigment, or, to put it more accurately, the colour of the skin of the new-born infant survived into the adult, and the process of blackening of the skin which was originally one of the normal growth-factors of the family was inhibited in higher races, Mongol, Alpine, Medi-

terranean, and Nordic. This process of suppression of pigment-formation was carried farthest in the blond Nordic race.

Of species other than *sapiens* we are acquainted with the fossilised remains of three, all of which have probably been extinct for many millennia. These are the Neanderthal and Heidelberg men of Europe, and the Rhodesian man of Africa. More ancient and primitive than these are two members of the human family differing so profoundly from the rest that new genera other than *Homo* have had to be created for their reception—*Eoanthropus* by Dr. A. Smith Woodward for the fossilised skull found by the late Mr. Charles Dawson at Piltdown in Sussex; and *Pithecanthropus* by Professor Eugène Dubois for the fossil skull cap and teeth (and possibly also the thigh bone) found in Java in 1891.

To these extinct genera it is now proposed to add a third, for which Professor Osborn has proposed the name *Hesperopithecus*, the Ape-Man of the Western World. This long-lost cousin is the most surprising member of the family. For not only is he the only human being so far discovered who lived in the remotely distant time of

the Pliocene period, but he or his forbears had already wandered so far from the original home of the family in Asia or Africa as North America.

The discovery of a single tooth may seem rather a frail and hazardous basis upon which to build such tremendous and unexpected conclusions; and many, if not most, scientists have grave doubts as to the justification for such an interpretation. But the specimen was discovered by a geologist of wide experience, and its horizon has been satisfactorily established. Moreover, the determination of its affinities and its identification as one of the higher Primates closely akin to the Ape-Man of Java, *Pithecanthropus*, have been made by the most competent authorities on the specific characters of fossilised mammalian teeth, Professor Osborn and Drs. Matthew and Gregory, who not only have had a wider experience of such material than any other palaeontologists, but also are men with exact knowledge and sound judgment. One can, therefore, place implicit trust in their claim that the tooth found in the Pliocene beds of Nebraska is really that of a primitive member of the human family. *Hesperopithecus* is more nearly akin to *Pithecanthropus* than any other member of the human family, and the fact that the latter was found in what at the end of the Pliocene period was the south-eastern corner of Asia, and the former in North America, which was connected with Eastern Asia by a land bridge enjoying

a warm climate, minimises the difficulty of explaining a discovery that at first sight seems to be wholly incredible. For the American palaeontologists have demonstrated that, at the time when the original owner of the Nebraska tooth was living, certain antelopes and rhinoceroses of Asiatic affinities made their way into America, and for this purpose a land bridge and a warm climate were essential.

Mr. Forestier has made a remarkable sketch to convey some idea of the possibilities suggested by this discovery. As we know nothing of the creature's form, his reconstruction is merely the expression of an artist's brilliant imaginative genius. But if, as the peculiarities of the tooth suggest, *Hesperopithecus* was a primitive forerunner of *Pithecanthropus*, he may have been a creature such as Mr. Forestier has depicted. He was associated with the early horse, *Pliohippus*, such strepsicerine antelopes as *Ilingoceras*, and the hornless rhinoceros, which was about to disappear from America altogether. Perhaps also the gigantic camel, *Pliauchenia*, was still alive in Nebraska, and such rodents as Mr. Forestier has shown in the hand of one of the creations of his fancy.

Professor Osborn tells me that a great expedition is being organised to make a thorough search of the Snake Creek beds for further remains of perhaps the most remarkable and intriguing fossil ever discovered. In the meantime he is preparing for a British journal a fuller account of the teeth (for a second but much-worn tooth of *Hesperopithecus* has been in the American Museum for several years) and the evidence relating to the Pliocene connections between Asia and America; and he tells me that this



ONCE IN THE MOUTH OF THE EARLIEST-KNOWN MAN? THE FOSSIL MOLAR FOUND IN NEBRASKA, IN FIVE ASPECTS (DOUBLE THE NATURAL SIZE); AND (A AND A1) A CHIMPANZEE'S PALATE, WITH M2 (SECOND MOLAR) SHADED.

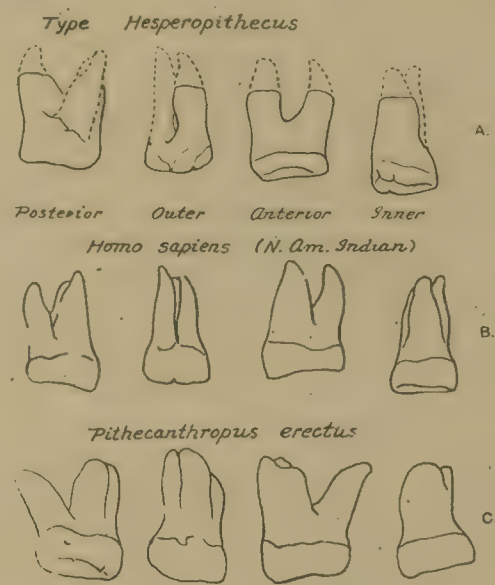
Drawing by Mrs. L. M. Sterling. By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

horizon, and agrees far more closely with the anthropoid-human molar than that of any other mammal known," has been fully confirmed by the investigations of Professor Osborn and Drs. Matthew and Gregory, who have an unrivalled experience of the scientific study of mammalian fossilised teeth.

Dr. Gregory arrived at the important conclusion that "on the whole we think its nearest resemblances are with *Pithecanthropus*, and with men rather than with apes." This conclusion was based upon the study of the features of the tooth; and the claim that it was human was further corroborated by the degree and kind of "wear," which was unlike that found in any ape, but of the same nature as occurs in the different genera of the human family, and especially *Pithecanthropus*.

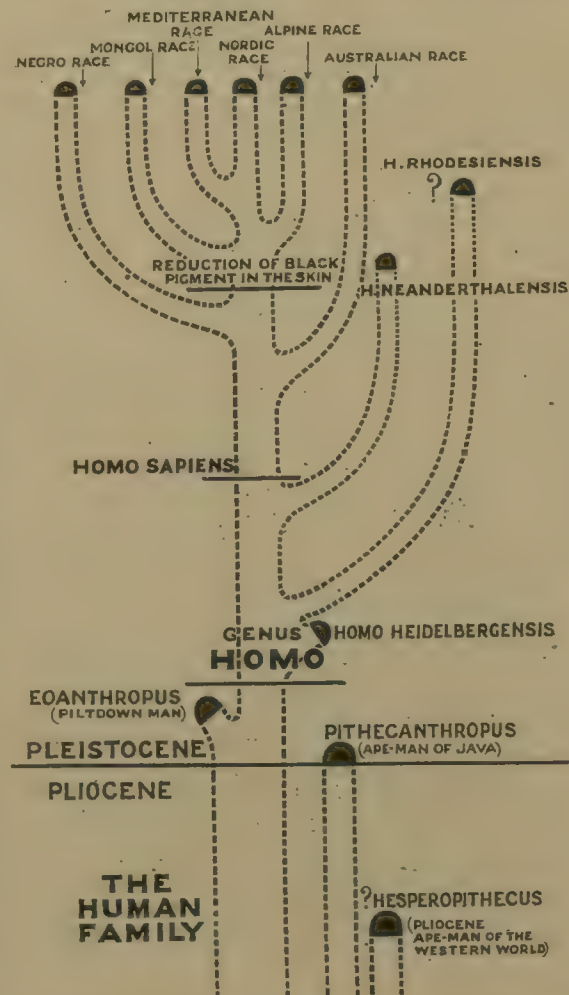
The full significance and the credibility of this astounding discovery will become more intelligible if we try to put the newly discovered creature into its place in the human family.

During the last seventy-four years, a series of fragments of extinct members of the human family have been recovered. In most cases they have been particularly tantalising in their imperfection and the paradoxical circumstances of their discovery, so that they have been remarkable rather as material to provoke controversy than as unequivocal evidence of man's pedigree and history. But a sufficient number



DENTAL AFFINITIES OF THE NEBRASKA MAN: THE SUPERIOR MOLAR TEETH OF HESPEROPITHECUS, HOMO SAPIENS, AND PITHECANTHROPUS COMPARED—SHOWING THE SIMILAR DISPOSITION OF THE INNER AND OUTER FANGS.

By Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.



SHOWING THE IMMENSE ANTIQUITY OF HESPEROPITHECUS: MAN'S FAMILY TREE—"A TENTATIVE CHART OF THE PEDIGREE OF MANKIND." (See article on this page.)

Drawn from a Sketch Diagram by Professor G. Elliot Smith.

statement will afford ample justification for the tremendous claims he has based upon such small scraps of what really seems to be the earliest member of the human family so far discovered.

A BROTHER'S WELCOME: THE PRINCE GREETED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



WITH THE DUKE OF YORK (ON THE LEFT) AND LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN (EXTREME RIGHT), WHOSE "BEST MAN" HE WILL BE, STANDING BY: THE PRINCE OF WALES WELCOMED HOME ABOARD THE "RENOWN" AT PLYMOUTH.

Soon after the "Renown," with the Prince of Wales on board, had anchored in Plymouth Sound, on June 20, the Duke of York went out to her in an Admiralty pinnace and welcomed his brother in the name of the King. Standing by was Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N., one of the Prince's A.D.C.s during the tour. It has now been definitely stated that the Prince will be best man at Lord Louis's wedding to Miss Edwina Ashley on July 18. The banns were published at "church" aboard

the "Renown," on two Sunday. Miss Ashley herself obtained the license on June 20 at the Vicar-General's register office, Creed Lane. Lord Louis is a brother of the Marquess of Milford Haven. The Duke of York remained on board the "Renown" for the dinner party given in the evening by the Prince of Wales, and afterwards went ashore again to Admiralty House, where he spent the night as the guest of the Commander-in-Chief. On the following day he accompanied the Prince to London.

HOME TO LONDON ON ALEXANDRA DAY: THE TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



PELTED BY A ROSE-SELLER: THE PRINCE OF WALES DRIVING OUT OF PADDINGTON STATION ON THE WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

London's welcome to the Prince of Wales at his homecoming on June 21 expressed the nation's thankfulness at his safe return, mingled with affectionate pride in his personality and achievements. It was a triumphant conclusion to a great adventure, in which, during eight months, he travelled 41,000 miles, and visited over a hundred places, including the most famous cities of India, the Malay States, Ceylon and Japan. Everywhere he went, the charm of his presence acted like magic to radiate friendliness and goodwill. He was welcomed at Paddington by the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, Prince Henry, and other members of the Royal Family, as well as by the Prime Minister and many other distinguished men, among them the Japanese Ambassador. Then came the triumphal progress to Buckingham Palace, when the huge throngs in the streets and the Park hailed the most popular

Prince of Wales the country has ever known. No troops stood between him and the people, the route being kept by 5000 police and 1000 special constables. The Prince rode in the first carriage of the procession, with the King, the Duke of York (who had travelled up with him from Plymouth), and Prince Henry. By a happy coincidence, the day was Alexandra Day; the Queen-Mother had made her customary drive to and from the City, and London was, as it were, a bower of roses. As he drove out of Paddington Station with his father and brothers, rose-sellers flung roses into the carriage. After a stay of half an hour at Buckingham Palace, the procession was re-formed, and the Prince drove to his own residence, there to begin a well-deserved rest from his arduous labours in the national cause.



H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

Welcomed Home, June, 1922.

*From a Study made by J. S. Helier Lander
for a Full-length Portrait which will be
Published by the "Illustrated London News"
at a Later Date.*

BESIEGED BY ROSE-GIRLS: THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRIVES IN LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. AND G.P.U.



SALUTING THE CROWD FROM THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: (L. TO R.) QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE QUEEN, THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE KING, PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNT LASCELLES, THE DUKE OF YORK, AND PRINCE HENRY.



CATCHING A BOUQUET OF ALEXANDRA ROSES THROWN INTO THE CARRIAGE: THE PRINCE OF WALES DRIVING OUT OF PADDINGTON STATION WITH THE KING (AT HIS SIDE), THE DUKE OF YORK (RIGHT), AND PRINCE HENRY.

After his enthusiastic reception at Plymouth, the Prince of Wales arrived in London, on June 21, to find an even greater welcome awaiting him. It was not long before he was made to realise that he had chosen Alexandra Day for his homecoming. As the Royal carriage emerged from Paddington Station into the cheering crowds that lined the streets, it was besieged by a bevy of rose-sellers, one of whom threw a bouquet which the Prince caught, while others also pelted him with roses, as shown

in our double-page photograph. In the lower of the above illustrations, the Prince's face is hidden behind the bouquet. He was sitting on the left of his father, the King, facing the horses. Opposite him was the Duke of York; and facing the King sat Prince Henry, wearing Hussar's uniform. On arriving at Buckingham Palace, the Royal Family appeared on the balcony to acknowledge the acclamations of the great crowd that had waited all day to see the Prince.

A VISITOR TO ENGLAND, AND HER SISTERS: ITALY'S PRINCESSES.

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY: PRINCESS MAFALDA OF SAVOY, WHO IS NINETEEN YEARS OLD.



INCOGNITA IN LONDON: PRINCESS YOLANDA OF SAVOY, THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY, AGED TWENTY-ONE.



THE THIRD DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY: PRINCESS GIOVANNA OF SAVOY, WHO WAS FOURTEEN LAST NOVEMBER.



THE "BABY" OF THE ITALIAN ROYAL FAMILY: PRINCESS MARIA OF SAVOY, AGED SEVEN, FOURTH DAUGHTER OF KING VICTOR.

It was announced on June 16 that Princess Yolanda of Italy had arrived in London, with Count and Countess Solari in attendance. She was travelling incognito, under the name of Marguerite di Polonozo, and it was understood that she would probably visit Buckingham Palace, but would not attend any formal function. Like her sisters, Princess Yolanda is a dark-eyed beauty, and she is reputed to be a fine horsewoman. She was born at Rome on June 1, 1901. Princess Mafalda, the second of the sisters, was born on November 19, 1902.

Next in the family comes their brother, the Crown Prince Umberto, Prince of Piedmont, born on September 15, 1904, at the Castle of Racconigi. Princess Giovanna was born on November 13, 1907, and Princess Maria, the youngest, on December 26, 1914. It may be noted that they are first cousins of King Alexander of Serbia, whose mother was a sister of Queen Elena of Italy, both being daughters of the late King Nicholas of Montenegro. Before coming to London, Princess Yolanda paid a visit to Paris.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

FIRST NIGHT FUTILITY—A REMINISCENCE—THE THEATRICAL EXHIBITION.

ONCE upon a time, when the Playgoers' Club was young and militant, when London was full of real lovers of the drama (instead of hero-worshippers), defying the vagaries of London's climate at the theatre's portals in ceaseless vigil—once upon a time, a First Night was an event. Now—regardless of war

wrote the play, but Rose Norreys is a darling!" That was in 1889. It is so to-day. Do you wonder why we complain of our drama in the doldrums? Ask ten playgoers who has written the play, and another ten who has acted in it. The latter will respond in crushing majority, to the ignorant silence of the former.

What is it, then, that is wanted to redeem the futility of first nights? And the reply is—to use the word of the day—"Ginger!" And ginger in this sense means more courage, more judgment, less obsequiousness and lackeyism. I do not advocate the "boo," although in past days many a sound trouncing has cleared the atmosphere, and by its vociferous "Mene, mene, tekél" has warned managers not to trifle with the public, not to insult their intelligence.

But there is a better and more dignified form of adverse verdict: abstinence from applause that misleads the manager into a fool's paradise. Abstinence from calls for authors and for speeches which, in the aftermath of the morning Press, seem cruel mockery, a delusion, and a snare. Abstinence from all manner of demonstration, if a play is beyond reclaiming. We have little to learn in manners from America, but in one respect we would be well advised to follow in its wake. When American audiences are displeased they do not applaud with flabby hands, they do not call for unwanted speeches, they do not tell pious lies through iron doors. They resort to the most eloquent of all pronouncements. They rise from their seats and quit in silence. Such verdict in decision is final. Hence it happens in America that London successes, blared forth by Transatlantic trumpets and flamboyant *réclame*, vanish into Nirvana within a week. There is no deception; there is no need even for annihilation by the Press. The unspoken *vox populi* means fate.

But here every goose is a swan; every play, good, bad, or indifferent, is "incensed" by applause; every actor-manager, every manager or producer or under-strapper, has his little time before the curtain, distils the verdict, discounts criticism, talks of gleeful messages to the absent author, or, if he be in the house, drags him willy-nilly to the front of the fair-weather friends.

It is a sorry spectacle withal, and one of the direct causes of the decline of our drama. There was a time when the public knew a good play when they saw it. Now—to quote a provincial critic—we know a good play when we don't see it. We want more ginger—more character, if you like it better—in the pit and gallery; then the digestive (and time-serving) playgoer in the stalls and dress circle will follow suit. And then into the fresh air and a horizon more serene.

While great credit is due to the young Dutch architect Wydeveld, who organised at Amsterdam the Theatrical Exhibition now at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and some to the English committee which has amplified it, I cannot say that it is of much practical use. It is more an exhibition of theatrical designs, and some very good *maquettes* (little scenes in plastic form), than an exhibition of the theatre in the

full significance of the word. In fact, it is a lay show, instead of a live one, such as was the wonderful display at Vienna in 1892, when Duse, the greatest actress of our time, was "discovered" by J. H. Rossing, of the *Daily News* of Amsterdam—a critic than whom no finer and more versatile ever lived—and became famed in a week. At this exhibition the theatres of the world were represented not merely in effigy, but in buildings, stages, machinery, scenery—above all, performers—from all quarters, teaching the crowd to learn by ocular demonstration the mentality and the actuality of the drama in many countries.

Here at the Museum the exhibition is indeed worthy of its housing. It is a museum-collection of some things appertaining to the stage, and many wonderful designs, with practically only one real thing—the puppet show of Mr. William G. Simmonds, an exhibit so fine, so alluring and stimulating, that I foresee the coming to London of a "Marionetten Theater" such as Munich possesses, which has been the joy of all Continental Europe.

I would be the last to detract, but in my opinion, shared by many practical men of the stage, this exhibition of designs forecasts much and realises little. And, wonderful as are the little *maquettes* of Craig's work and that of others, they give but a very faint idea of the real thing. The truth is that between design and the real stage there is an enormous gulf—the vast space between theory and practice—and, however artistic and original many of these designs may be, their actual value can only be tested in plastic representation under complete conditions of lighting, mechanism, etc. Nothing is so fallacious as stage models—did not my late friend Sydney Grundy, the famous dramatist, tell me that he essayed his every play on his little trial puppet-stage at home, and that more than once reality entirely belied the drawing-room promise of effect? Nor is it valid defence that railway schemes and liners are first of all tried by model—but that is quite another story. The science of engineering is precise and definite; the science of the stage is vague; it depends not only on mathematics, but on the multitude. Wherefore the Theatrical Exhibition can only be considered as an illustration of the theatre, but nowise as the interpreter of its vitality.

[Our Music Article will be found on Page 956.]



THE FEMININE PARTNER IN THE FAMOUS GUITRY TRIO: Mlle. YVONNE PRINTEMPS, NOW APPEARING AT THE PRINCE'S.

Mlle. Yvonne Printemps is the wife of M. Sacha Guitry, the French actor-dramatist, son of M. Lucien Guitry. She was announced to appear with her husband in his comedy "L'illusionniste," during the second week, commencing June 19, of the Guitry season at the Prince's Theatre. The first act of Molière's "Le Misanthrope," with M. Lucien Guitry as Alceste, was also in the programme.—[Photograph by Gerschel.]

aspects, for the decline began long ago—it is a hollow function. The pit has lost its character; the gallery, ever since its "keenness" on people instead of plays, had no character to lose. Stalls and dress circle, to say nothing of the boxes, do not count. They are the critics, who must not demonstrate, except pen in hand—to-morrow; or they are mainly polite guests, convened or graciously allowed to pay for their seats on special and selected principles, and expected to clap and shout approval, or slip through the iron door and congratulate the chief and responsible exponent as fair-weather friends. They are fulsome to his face, even when failure was obvious; and when they tread their way homewards they say: "Wasn't it awful? Rotten! What a show!" Heaven preserve me from such friends! Yet such is Society.

It is this absence of conscience, of candour, of personal pride which renders most first nights of to-day so sorry a spectacle. The guests barter away their sense of equity for a "scrap of paper," and those who pay are so atrophied by the fetish of the actor that they lose all discrimination.

For to them it is not sufficient to hail every fairly decent individual performance with such applause as would befit the advent of artistic deity; they even demonstrate when more or less inconsiderable actors and actresses, much photographed, appear in the stalls. On the other hand, when the creators of these actors, the Pineros, the Joneses, the Shaws, the Galsworthys—all the others that matter—slip gently into their seats, not a murmur, not a sound!

The man who writes the play is nothing; the actor is—well, I would not be profane—is the idol. It reminds me of one of my early experiences. Scene: City office. I, a clerk. Enter the son of the "Guv'nor." He: "Saw a ripping play last night. I: "Oh! What was it called?" He: "Sweet Lavender." I (enticingly): "By whom?" He (emphatically): "I don't care a — for the man who



A GREAT 'CELLIST WHO ARRANGED TO PLAY AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MME. GUILHERMINA SUGGIA.

Mme. Suggia, the famous Portuguese 'cellist, arranged to give a recital on June 22 at the Queen's Hall, where, on the 15th, Pablo Casals gave his only recital of the season here. London has thus had an opportunity of comparing the two greatest living 'cellists with an interval of one week between their performances.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

BINDING THE ENTENTE CLOSER: POINCARÉ AND PÉTAIN IN LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., G.P.U., AND L.N.A.



"A TRUE AND TRUSTED FRIEND OF THIS COUNTRY": M. POINCARÉ, PREMIER OF FRANCE, WITH MME. POINCARÉ, AT RANELAGH, FOR THE ANGLO-FRENCH POLO MATCH.

PRESENTING THE VERDUN CHALLENGE CUP (INSET BELOW) TO THE WINNING ENGLISH TEAM AFTER THE ANGLO-FRENCH POLO MATCH: MME. POINCARÉ AT RANELAGH.



THE DEFENDER OF VERDUN AT THE CENOTAPH IN LONDON: MARSHAL PÉTAIN (RIGHT) AND THE WREATH OF LILIES WHICH HE LAID AT THE FOOT OF THE MONUMENT.

TWO GREAT WAR LEADERS—FRENCH AND BRITISH: MARSHAL PÉTAIN CHATTING TO EARL HAIG AND COUNTESS HAIG AT RANELAGH.

The recent visit to London of M. Poincaré, the French Premier, with his wife, and Marshal Pétain, the defender of Verdun, had the happiest effect in drawing still closer the ties of friendship between France and this country. On Saturday, June 17, the visitors went to Ranelagh to see the Anglo-French polo match, in which the English team beat the French team by eight goals to six. Mme. Poincaré afterwards presented the Verdun Challenge Cup to the winners. On

Cenotaph in Whitehall. In the evening the distinguished French guests were entertained at a banquet at the Hotel Cecil by the Ladies' League of Help. Lord Derby, who presided, welcomed M. Poincaré as "one of the outstanding statesmen of an enfeebled and impoverished world. . . . A true and trusted friend of this country, who would not have come here at this moment were he not Anglophile to the backbone, though this did not mean that he was less the chosen lover of

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

ONCE upon a time there lived a reviewer whose breath was almost taken away by an editorial command. The reviewing craft is not easily flabbergasted, being—as authors know—equal to any villainy at the shortest notice, but this time the task did give the hardened scribe a jolt. Late one February evening in fatal 1914, he received a new novel with a request to deliver his notice of the same to the printer on the third day following. Nothing in that, you say, but perpend: the novel, a rarity of length at that time, contained 892 pages of close print! The inhumane editor, let me remark, was not the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*.

There was nothing for it but to get to work. The man read every word of the book conscientiously, and a rich feast he found it. So far, virtue was its own reward. The review, a long one, went to the printer on the stroke of the hour, and all was well. Then, because the reviewer happened to have been born north of the Tweed, he suggested gently to the editor that he deserved double pay. *Monsieur le Redacteur*, not so inhumane after all, saw the point at once and agreed with the handsomest urbanity. So virtue, for once, had a material reward.

That old story thrusts itself upon this page because a Book of the Day has just given it a curious relevancy. The author of that extensive novel is no longer with us, but his amiable and beautiful personality still lives in the most notable and indispensable contribution of the present year to English literary biography. That alone would not excuse my trifling foolish anecdote, but in the "Life" you may learn how kindly that great story-teller felt towards the journeymen of the Press who had to read his lengthy novel for review. "To those who had conscientiously endeavoured to master the intricacies of the plot he accorded his profound commiseration. . . ."

What an arduous task [he wrote] it must be to get up a review of 900 pages! I don't wonder critics object to the length. I have read one review, a long newspaper column of small print, embodying a careful analysis of the story, and wondered how much the writer, poor fellow, got for it! Certainly it should have been £5—I suspect it was nearer £2.

If the reviewer who asked double pay for his notice of "When Ghost Meets Ghost" ever reproached himself for indulging shameful avarice, he may now be comforted with the knowledge that William De Morgan would have approved and supported the audacious demand.

The biography in question, "WILLIAM DE MORGAN AND HIS WIFE, by A. M. W. Stirling (Butterworth; 25s.), will rival, probably out-rival, in popularity the same writer's memorable "Coke of Norfolk." It will be read with a more personal interest, for De Morgan's literary genius, that late-blossoming plant, won him troops of friends and admirers outside his own distinguished circle. The impression he gave of himself in his books is corroborated and strengthened in every line of the "Life." Passages in "Alice for Short" seemed to reflect his own view of himself as an author and art craftsman. The biography leaves that implied portrait in no doubt. Equally amiable is the picture of his artist-wife, whose "exquisite and retiring mind" a wider world has now the privilege of knowing, as it was not known in her lifetime. Their marriage was a perfect partnership. "There," said Sir Edward Poynter, "go two of the rarest spirits of the age." To those ideal unions of which the Brownings are the type, the world must now add that of the De Morgans. Their romance of art and life could not have been more exquisitely or fittingly told.

Biography, autobiography, and lighter personal sketches are well to the fore among the pages in waiting. Of current biographies you already know where to find the most important, which one would gladly have discussed at greater length. But these columns are intended more as a general directory than as a critical forum. Autobiography presented as a series of letters has some touch of novelty, yet it is not altogether new, for the book had a forerunner of a similar kind. "LETTERS TO SOMEBODY," a companion to "Letters to Nobody," by Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), may be put, in part, among those links with the past discussed here not long ago. They do not bridge such gulfs of time as John Ayscough's examples, but the recollections of a British Civil



RESCUED FROM WHALLEY ABBEY BY SIR JOHN TOWNELEY AT THE DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES: AN EXQUISITELY EMBROIDERED ALTAR FRONTAL (FOURTEENTH OR FIFTEENTH CENTURY)—THE CENTRAL ORPHREY.

The altar frontal is in red silk mounted with three orphreys, the centre (here illustrated) worked with the Crucifixion, and the others with figures of saints.

Both Photographs on this Page by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge.



FROM ONE OF THE FINEST COLLECTIONS OF ENGLISH MEDIAEVAL EMBROIDERIES: A CHASUBLE OF GOLD BROCADE SAVED FROM WHALLEY ABBEY (FOURTEENTH OR EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY). The chasuble and altar frontal shown above, and included in the sale at Sotheby's on June 23, came from Lord O'Hagan's collection of fifteenth-century vestments from Whalley Abbey, described as "the finest collection of Old English embroidered vestments that have come into the market for many years." Tradition tells that at the dissolution of the monasteries they were saved from the Abbey by Sir John Towneley (1476-1541).

Servant who saw Florence excited over Garibaldi's victories and who, by boyish effrontery, obtained from Victor Emanuel a formal permit "to catch one carp" in the fountains of the Boboli Gardens, are things to attract and hold the reader. Sir Guy, an undoubted Briton, with a long and distinguished public career to his credit, had an Italian upbringing, and was offered an opening in the Italian service. But, anticipating the Captain of the *Pinafore*, he chose to remain an Englishman. His "Letters to Somebody" sparkle with wit and good humour. As a boy, he knew all sorts of distinguished people, English and Italian, in Florence. Among these were the Brownings, the Hon. Mrs. Norton (the original of Diana of the Crossways), and Walter Savage Landor, who failed to teach him Greek, but gave him, like Rashleigh Osbaldestone, a mouthful of Latin. Service at the Treasury, in Egypt, at the War Office and in India, has packed Sir Guy's wallet with pungent and amusing anecdote. Those who imagine that the Civil Service has no lighter side will discover their mistake in these most readable letters. That so high and old-established an official should condescend to interview and extract wisdom from a little brown-overalled messenger girl in one of the new Ministries, may seem incredible to those who believe the loftier Whitehall-wallah to be all starch. Sir Guy can be stiff enough on occasion, but, like all big men, he wins subordinates to give unconsciously of their best. At that Ministry he saw countless fair damsels "strolling slowly arm in arm and eating chocolates." Thanking his little brown guide for her pilotage through innumerable long passages, he remarked that the lady clerks did not seem to work very hard. "If you ask me," she replied, "I believe I am the only woman in the place who does any work at all." That will do as a sample of Sir Guy's quality. There are worse things and better in his agreeable book, and most of them concern persons of far greater consequence than his shrewd little Brownie. He even questioned one of the beauties (in the lift) and asked where on earth all the lovely girls came from and who they were. "Oh, everywhere," was the cryptic reply; "and we are all clergymen's daughters." In his early days in Italy did Sir Guy study under the celebrated Signor Bentrovato? The answer, plainly, is in the negative. Any new Ministry is like Habakkuk, *capable de tout*.

Having been seduced by a grave official into this unseemly levity, my pen has been properly feathered for the next book on the list, Mr. Crosbie Garstin's "THE COASTS OF ROMANCE (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). "Patlander," of *Punch*, is not content to talk prose all his life. His prose is very good in the snappy vein, but the numbers will come, and no reader is likely to quarrel with that accompaniment to a light-hearted tour in Morocco and Spain. From Cadiz he could not tear himself away. *Mañana* had entered into his blood, and his reason for lingering had something akin to Byron's, which I need not quote, although the town itself played enchantress too. At last, reluctantly, he bids her *Adios Hermosa!* and breaks incontinent into song—

Sunset flamed on Cadiz Town,
Flushed her towers and made her burn,
Then the piping night shut down
And her lights went out astern,
Blotted by the rain and spray;
And we squared our yards away
For the Port of No Return.

There are three more stanzas, which I charge you to make haste to read. And, of course, you'll read the whole book. For the sake of its excellence you will forgive one lapse of taste on page 119.

Returning to more serious writing—more serious in intention, if not altogether in effect—I would propose a dip into Mrs. Aria's "MY SENTIMENTAL SELF" (Chapman and Hall; 15s.), a record for the most part of a world peopled by ghosts. But the ghosts are important, great figures of the English stage and of Upper Bohemia. Irving holds the first place of interest, and of him and his sons the writer gives many new and intimate details. Certain living writers appear in the amiable undress of private correspondence, witty and affectionate, which may not be out of place in a book avowedly sentimental. The reader must master the occasional obscurities of a style that is nothing if not individual, but he will find it worth the pains.

"THE PURPLE BROWS OF OLIVET": THE MOUNT OF OLIVES TO-DAY.

DRAWING BY MAJOR BENTON FLETCHER, FROM HIS FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OF JERUSALEM. (SEE ARTICLE ELSEWHERE.)



WHERE JESUS SENT TWO DISCIPLES FOR THE ASS AND HER COLT, AND WHERE HE "ABODE AT NIGHT" AFTER TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE: THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, AS IT NOW IS, WITH THE RUSSIAN BELFRY.

"This striking and unusual view of the Mount of Olives," writes Mr. Lionel Cust, "is taken from the Jericho Road on the way to Bethany. The Russian belfry tower on the summit of the hill is a dominating feature from every side. Although the Mount of Olives is to a great extent bare of trees, there is every reason to believe that in the time of Jesus Christ the olive groves were more plentiful and covered the sides of the hill. The Turkish rule, devastating by neglect as much as by

actual destruction, left many parts of Judea and Palestine uncultivated and denuded of trees. Yet there are olive trees in sufficient plenty to justify the name, which is sacred throughout all Christendom. In Major Fletcher's drawing, the steep foot-path up the Mount of Olives is well indicated. Such a path must have been trodden by the Saviour on His way to visit His beloved friends at Bethany." Further drawings of Jerusalem will appear later.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

PUCK, and only Puck, could have been in charge of the meteorological affairs for the first day of Royal Ascot. We women are accustomed to most vagaries of climate, but to be tempted by bright sunshine and high temperature into our daintiest and most ethereal frocks, largest hats, and smallest sunshades, and then to be rained upon and chilled for hours! One only consolation was ours: the British climate has taught us the wrap habit, so most of us had something more or less—usually less—adequate with which to cover up wholly unsuitable attire. The arrival of the royal party in pouring rain pointed out that the royal ladies have foresight, for the Queen

smilingly and have forbore to use strong language in the presence of ladies! It was pitiable to see girls in lace and muslin frocks, lovely summer hats, light wraps, and wholly inefficient *parapluies*—although all right as parasols—cross the course to the luncheon tents, where hot soup was more appreciated than cold viands, and ices and iced drinks left all lunchers cold. As to shoes and stockings, they were found real weaklings in the face of such circumstances. However, the first day was the worst. For the rest of the meeting and the weather thereof people were prepared. When these words are being read Ascot 1922 and its sorrows and joys will have sunk into oblivion, and, as one optimist said, it was good for trade; the injury to immaculate silk toppers alone represented something to make hatters glad rather than mad!

This week the Prince's return is the real interest, and then his birthday. Two Courts at Buckingham Palace are the last of the season. Those attending feel themselves

lucky, and a large number of presentations are being made and are very much more esteemed than those made at garden parties, from which some poor debutantes returned home almost crying because unable even to catch a glimpse of the Queen. The Prince will have a great welcome home, and one hears that he has said that he never appreciated his native land and his British friends so greatly as now that he has been so long away from it and them. There will be much entertaining for him in the way he likes best. The Duchess of Devonshire will have the honour of having him as guest at her dance for Lady Rachel Cavendish on the night of his birthday. The Duke of York and Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles will be there, and other members of the Royal Family. There are few for whom the King and Queen have such strong feelings of esteem and affection as for the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Princess Mary and Lady Rachel Cavendish have been friends from early girlhood. This will be the first ball given in the Duke of Devonshire's new house in Carlton Gardens. The ball-room is better proportioned and larger than that in Devonshire House, which was almost impossible for really large functions without additional temporary accommodation, such as the closing in of part of the garden terrace and building out a large supper-room, which was always done for great occasions.

Holiday time is here, and happy preparations are going forward. One's friends have not as much money to spend as they used to have. The way to make up for straitened circumstances is to put personal backs into it. Three girls I know and their cousins have a cousinly working party twice a week for three hours. They are making delightful things for themselves, and at their present parties are cutting out and stitching at "Japshan," which they say is the best value in pure silk anywhere obtainable. As it is in tussore, delicate pastel shades, and attractive stripes, each girl can follow her own fancy at the most moderate cost of 6s. 11d. a yard, 29-30 inch wide. They tell me it simply cannot discolour or split in wash or wear; but "Japshan" in Japanese characters must be seen on the selvedge, or some worthless imitation is likely to be palmed off which will be found to be without these wholly desirable qualities. The cousins make all their own night wear, and most of that for the day, and they quite enjoy their parties, to which each contributes something good to eat. Not a bad idea at all for nice girls in nasty hard-up times.

The President of the French Republic and Mme. Poincaré are no strangers to England. They paid a State visit here, when there was a gala at the Opera in their honour and a State banquet. Our King and Queen have been entertained by them in Paris. The Queen has said how greatly she liked the President's wife, a very patriotic Frenchwoman without frills of any kind, but smart with the inborn smartness of her countrywomen, whatever their position. For the President the King has a real regard, and all Britishers place immense value on the friendship of France with England for the peace of the European peoples. Friends just back from Paris, supposed to be at the height of its season, tell me it is a duller city than they ever remember it, and that there is a quiet, but unmistakable grudge against us, which has been worked up by mischief-making. I often wonder if for six months no political speeches might be made and no political articles written, whether the progress

towards peace in Europe would not be considerably advanced? I shall, however, be left wondering!

In days of old, women loved mirrors; if one believes in one's personal appearance it is always pleasant to seek a reassuring glance, if only in a shop window as one passes by. The run on mirrors at Ascot last week was, however, extraordinary. Practice makes perfect in powdering the nose: most women are experts and need not look in the glass for this harmless operation. What really caused the queues at the Ascot dressing-room mirrors was a little misgiving as the effect of cold on powder. I heard one young beauty declare that she used Morny, and was free from all anxiety. Certainly her skin looked lovely. There were noses and cheeks that graduated in shades of violet, and sometimes a slight green or yellowy tinge in the powder was thrown into prominence by change in the skin, and gave one unpleasant, "Channelly" sort of recollections; but Morny is apparently the really reliable powder which makes and keeps the complexion right in all changes of temperature, even when it skips down twenty degrees without a by-your-leave, or a friendly warning.

The engagement of Lord Porchester, only son of the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, and now twenty-four, to Miss Catharine Wendell, is an interesting one, and will give us, in course of time, yet another American Peeress. Miss Wendell is connected with the Washingtons and with the Lees of Virginia. She will bring some historical New World traditions into an Old World noble family. Since her father's death Miss Catharine Wendell has lived with her mother at Sandridgebury. Lord Porchester is in the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars, and was extra A.D.C. to the General Officer Commanding at Gibraltar. The Earl of Carnarvon inherited a large part of the fortune and estates of the seventh Earl of Chesterfield, who, dying unmarried, left his property to his only sister, who was Lord Carnarvon's mother, first wife of the late Earl. Lady Carnarvon is also a very wealthy woman; she was the adopted daughter of, and a great favourite



FASHIONS FOR THE NURSERY.

First we have a striped zephyr suit for a boy of from two to five years old; then another suit which is called "Buster," the blouse of which is made in white hair cord, and the knickers, collars, and cuffs in casement cloth. The girl's frock is of fancy voile, and can be had in various shades. All come from Samuel Bros., Oxford Circus, and Ludgate Hill.

had an ample-sized *en-lout-cas* of dark-blue silk, and Princess Mary a white one, both soaked and dripping, as they drove up to the entrance of the Royal Pavilion. Her Majesty made a fine appearance in a Mark Tapley rôle. Cheery and bright and keeping those about her in good spirits, one admired our Queen more than ever. Also there was every justification for our personal pride, as the Queen was delightfully dressed in a lovely soft blue *crêpe marocain* gown having panels and yoke and sleeves of blue-and-gold brocade tissue. A very becoming black hat was worn, with a band of black-and-gold brocade, and two blue ostrich feathers stretched across the crown. Of course the Queen wore a long cloak; it was of cream-coloured cloth, with a deep embroidered collar. The Crown Prince of Sweden kissed the Queen's hand, and the Duke of Connaught kissed her affectionately. A real attachment exists between her Majesty and the King's uncle.

Princess Mary did not leave the Royal Pavilion, and was wearing a harebell-blue dress shot with silver, and a hat of crinoline straw of pale-grey shot with blue and wreathed round with convolvulus, palest pink and blue. A pale-grey georgette and *crêpe marocain* wrap was worn. Viscount Lascelles was usually near the Princess, and wore a dark overcoat with a red carnation in the button-hole. The Duke of York, Princess Alice, and the Earl of Athlone, Lady Patricia and Captain the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, Lady Mary Cambridge, and the Marchioness of Milford Haven were all of the royal party.

It was an interesting study how people took the very sudden change in the weather. Pretty girls, in thin satin and lace frocks and wide-brimmed lace hats stretching out to either side rather than all round, bewailed their fate to all who passed by. Some of them—tell it not in Gath—lost their tempers and said many violent things to their black-coated squires, who, had the temperature kept up and the sun shone out, would have worn their conventional clothing



FOR THE GIRL OF NINE AND HER SMALLER SISTER.

Striped zephyr is used for the older child's dress; the little girl's "Betty" frock has knickers, too—the whole costume being made of cretonne, which will wash and wear well. Samuel Bros., of Oxford Circus and Ludgate Hill, are responsible for both.

with, the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, who left her a goodly fortune and his house filled with art treasures in Seamore Place. Lord and Lady Carnarvon were married from Lansdowne House, which was lent to her mother, Mrs. F. C. Wombwell, for the event. Lord Porchester has an only sister.

A. E. L.

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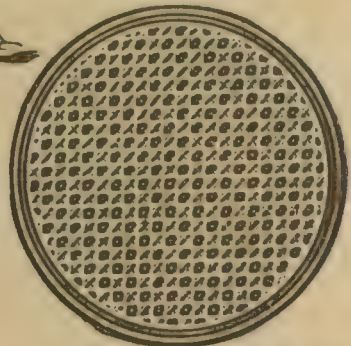
There are days of glorious sunshine and nice warm days—and we're glad in them. Then comes the time of clammy, pore-cloggy swelterers—and we seek coolness, often the wrong way.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

SOME RECENT CONCERTS.

I WENT recently to a private house to hear a lecture by one of the most prominent living Austrian composers, who is over here on a visit from Vienna. The lecture was admirable, although it did



A VICEROY OF INDIA COMMEMORATED DURING HIS LIFETIME: THE STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE OF PENSURST UNVEILED AT BOMBAY.

Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, who is now British Ambassador in Paris, was Viceroy of India from 1910 to 1916. The monument was unveiled recently by the Governor of Bombay.

Photograph by Photopress.

not tell us anything absolutely new, nor did the lecturer do more than touch upon the differences in character of the music of such modern Austrian composers as Bruckner, Mahler (both of whom now belong to the past), and Schönberg, who is very much of the present. The lecturer was Dr. Egon Wellesz, and

he is well known as a musician of great ability and of exceptional erudition. As a pupil and admirer of Schönberg, he is, of course, a modern of the moderns; therefore I was surprised, not to say astonished, to find that the one song and the three or four piano-forte compositions of his own that I have heard sound exactly like an unconscious reproduction of the Debussy of the two books of Preludes. One is, of course, accustomed to hearing the influence of Debussy in the works of young composers. Even the best men have been imitators in their youth; but the influence of Debussy upon a young man is one thing, and the unconscious reproduction of Debussyish material in the work of so accomplished and mature a musician as Dr. Egon Wellesz is quite another. It is possible, of course, that the works I have heard do not properly represent Dr. Wellesz, but in that case he was very ill-advised to allow them to be performed, for they cannot fail to lessen the interest in him as a composer, which in my case, I may add, was, after my first meeting with him, very great.

It is to be hoped, however, that the visit of Dr. Wellesz will stimulate interest in the compositions of Arnold Schönberg, who is undoubtedly one of the most important figures in contemporary music. Last year Mr. Eugene Goossens conducted a performance of Schönberg's "Five Orchestral Pieces," which were composed as long ago as 1909. These were originally greeted with howls of derision. This has been the fate of nearly all Schönberg's later music; but the deriders are wrong, for, if it is extremely difficult for us to judge of the real position of Schönberg in music from the few scraps of his we have heard, we have heard enough to know that he is a genuinely original composer who is neither playing the buffoon nor trying to make a sensation, but has something individual and serious to say.

And now I have a bone to pick with Mr. Koussevitsky. How dare Mr. Koussevitsky—one of the greatest of living conductors, the friend of Scriabin, and a pioneer of modern music—how does he dare come to London and give an orchestral concert containing no less than three excerpts from Wagnerian opera, and, to add insult to injury, Tchaikovsky's pathetic Sixth Symphony in memory of Arthur Nikisch? It is time that someone protested against the playing of excerpts from Wagner's operas at orchestral concerts. What would be thought to-day if any conductor of repute gave us at a Symphony Concert extracts from the operas of Verdi and Donizetti? That is the sort of thing which used to be done in England a quarter of a century ago, until people began to get sufficient taste to see that it was ridiculous to play bits of operas in the concert hall. Undoubtedly there was

once a case for playing Wagner in the concert-hall, but that was when his music was so strange and unfamiliar that the playing of extracts of it at concerts was really propaganda on its behalf. There was then no other means of hearing it; but now that Wagner is an established classic, now that his operas—or, as he called them, music-dramas—are the greatest attractions that any opera company can put on the bill, there is no possible excuse for putting excerpts from them into concert programmes. I would make an exception of the overtures, for they can be considered as orchestral works complete in themselves; but these

(Continued overleaf.)



THE FIRST STATUE TO BE ERECTED IN THE IRISH FREE STATE: A MONUMENT TO THE LATE ARCH-BISHOP CROKE, UNVEILED AT THURLES.

The statue of the late Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, was recently unveiled at Thurles by his successor, Dr. J. M. Harty. Dr. Croke originated the revival of the ancient Gaelic Games. The statue is the first to be erected in Southern Ireland since it became the Irish Free State. The designer and sculptor was Mr. F. W. Doyle-Jones, R.B.S., of Chelsea.

A Confession

by "Warwick."



I am generally looked upon as an upright man, I have never evaded Income Tax—I can't. I have never taken more than my share of a bottle of wine. I have never intentionally led from the wrong hand at Bridge.

But there is a blot on my record. I have sinned against the salt. In the dead of night I stole downstairs and entered Sir James' study and helped myself to his Kenilworths. It was mean—it was inexcusable—and though I return them it will not exonerate me. But then I could not sleep. I got up to get a Kenilworth, but my case was empty. I went to my bag, and



the cigarettes I drew out were not Kenilworths! (Since then I have always seen my cigarettes packed.) I did try them, but it was no good. They hadn't the quality. They lacked that subtle flavour which when once it has caught you spoils you for any other tobacco.

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(Continued.)

and the one or two orchestral works which Wagner wrote are all that should be allowed to represent him in the concert-hall.

It is not as though there were no other music Mr. Koussevitsky could give us. There is plenty of Schönberg's music that has never been played in England; I don't think any English audience has ever heard a single one of Bruckner's many symphonies; I believe one of Gustav Mahler's symphonies was played once in London. Then we are constantly hearing of new French works having made a great success in Paris, but we nearly always have to wait a long time before we hear them here. A new symphony by Albert Roussel, for example, has been much praised by French critics; but Mr. Koussevitsky prefers to give us "La Valse" by Ravel, which we already know and do not like. In his last programme Mr. Koussevitsky certainly included two fragments from Prokofiev's opera, "The Love of the Three Oranges," but these proved disappointing after that composer's fine Pianoforte Concerto in C Major which Mr. Albert Coates introduced to us. The worst thing that Mr. Koussevitsky did was to give us Rimsky-Korsakov's arrangement of the Russian folk-song, "Doubinouchka." This is an admirable piece for a brass band on Clapham Common or Southend Pier. It is extraordinary what a Russian name will make us accept. I wonder, if Sir Henry Wood went to Moscow and conducted there an orchestral arrangement of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," whether that would receive from an audience of Russian high-brows as much applause as "Doubinouchka" received at the Queen's Hall! I do not object to "Doubinouchka," any more than I object to "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." They are both admirable—in their proper place. But when one considers the expense of a first-rate orchestra, when one thinks of all the skill and knowledge that go to make up the hundred players of a body like the London Symphony Orchestra, and when one thinks of the great talent of Mr. Koussevitsky, one cannot but feel that it is a shocking waste of good material and of valuable time to hear these enormous resources expended to such insignificant purpose.

Jascha Heifetz has been here and gave one recital at the Albert Hall. I notice that other people are now beginning to realise that Heifetz is one of the greatest violinists of modern times. When he first

appeared early last year in this country, I was practically the only critic who did not complain that he was cold. Everybody rhapsodised about Fritz Kreisler, who, fine artist as he is, has nothing like the outstanding musical instinct of Heifetz. Nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that Heifetz is merely a wonderfully correct machine. His two most striking virtues are the purity of his intonation and the purely musical, as distinct from emotional, quality of his playing. The only fault I have to find with him is in the quality of his programmes. He really should go to some pains to select some of the finest old Italian violin music and add it to his réper-



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN A MONSOON: H.M.S. "CAIRO," ESCORTING THE "RENOUN," SHIPPING A HEAVY SEA.

The date of this photograph, taken apparently from the "Renown," is not stated, but it may be recalled that a message of May 27 from Trincomalee, Ceylon, said: "The 'Renown' arrived here at seven o'clock this morning. On emerging from the Strait of Malacca into the Bay of Bengal the vessel ran into the monsoon, and it was decided to abandon the programme of calling at Colombo, it being reported by wireless that the sea was too heavy to render it safe for the great ship to attempt to make harbour."—[Photograph by C.N.]

toire, and play it constantly. He should make a vow never to play Kreisler's or any other violinist's sugary arrangements of popular pianoforte pieces or songs. There is plenty of fine violin music even by such famous names as Corelli, Tartini, and Mozart that is comparatively little heard; while there is undoubtedly some early English music which ought to be included in his programmes. Really the lack of intellectual curiosity which many of these famous virtuosos show is extraordinary! They all seem to copy each other's programmes.

Mr. Willoughby Walmisley, who gave a pianoforte recital at the Æolian Hall on June 14, has the first requirement of a pianist, and that is a good touch. At

present his playing, although it exhibits a genuine musical sensibility, lacks rhythmic grip and precision. This was noticeable in the Brahms group, where a firmer intellectual grasp of the music would have made Mr. Walmisley's playing much more effective. I could not see Mr. Walmisley's hands from where I was sitting, but I got the impression that they were rather on the large than the small side of the ideal pianoforte size. Many people think that a large hand is an advantage for the pianoforte; but, although it is useful in Brahms, Scriabin, and some modern music, too large a hand is really just as much a handicap as too small a hand. In the Bax, Saint-Saëns, and Debussy group, Mr. Walmisley again played with real musical instinct, but with a certain crudity. Pianoforte playing at the hands of the best pianists in the world has now reached such a standard of polish and "finish" that we perhaps tend to overrate these qualities. But Mr. Walmisley, if he has the necessary persistence and capacity for hard work, ought to be able to make great strides in the next few years, and I shall look forward to his future appearance with interest.

W. J. TURNER.

THE PRINCE OF WALES:

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

IN honour of the home-coming of the Prince of Wales, we present to our readers with this issue, as a special supplement, a loose plate with a photograph reproduction of Mr. J. St. Helier Lander's fine study of his Royal Highness, made for a full-length portrait, which will be published in *The Illustrated London News* at a later date. The Prince

was due to arrive at Plymouth in the *Renown* on the evening of Tuesday, June 20, on his return from his wonderful tour in the East. He arranged to travel on the following day by train to Paddington, and London prepared to give a splendid welcome to "Britain's greatest ambassador," who has done so much, by his winning personality, to strengthen British prestige all over the world. Our portrait will no doubt find its way to many a distant land, and form a happy souvenir for many of those who have welcomed the Prince to their shores, as well as to many others at home who have followed with affectionate pride the course of his adventures.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Incidence of Taxation. One of the best-known writers on motoring topics has recently committed himself to what is, to me, a most surprising vindication of the present system of taxation. In effect, he argues that the



AN AMERICAN "BROOKLANDS": THE MOTOR-RACING TRACK AT INDIANAPOLIS.

horse-power tax is not a tax on ownership but on use, and he fails to see any difference between the present and the old scheme under which there was levied a carriage tax at a comparatively nominal rate plus a tax on fuel. I do not think he could have studied the question closely, or he could scarcely have failed to see wherein lies the difference. Take the case of the modern 11·9-h.p. car as an example. Under the old system cars above 6 h.p. and up to 12 h.p. rating paid three guineas a year, plus sixpence a gallon on the fuel consumed. The three guineas was frankly a tax on ownership, while the amount paid on the

fuel used was most obviously a tax on use, and was quite fair if it is conceded, as it must be, that any tax on road use is justifiable.

Now, the present tax on the same car is £12 per annum. If we take the average fuel-consumption to be at the rate of 30 miles to the gallon, and the car is driven 5300 miles in the year, the amount of tax levied is about the same. Obviously, every mile travelled above that total is a gain to the owner in so far as his proportionate tax is concerned. But very few cars are driven as far as that. As a matter of fact, I should say the average mileage is much nearer 3000 than 5000, and the tax per mile run is vastly higher. Take another case—that of the motorist who pays his £12 in the beginning of the year, and is then compelled, through illness or other circumstances, to lay up his car and does not use it at all. He cannot recover the amount he has paid, which most certainly then becomes a tax on possession. It cannot, obviously, be a tax on use, because he has not used the car at all. It is because of these anomalies that the motorist in the mass is dead against the present scheme, which has nothing to recommend it save official convenience. I should advise my friend to think again, and that very seriously.

Great interest has been aroused by Novel Vauxhall Racing Designs.

the Vauxhall racers which are to take part in the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man. By the time this appears in print the race will be over, and we shall know whether the radical departures in design involved in these cars have been justified in practice. That the cars are very fast has already been seen, but are they fast enough? The design of the engine is the joint work of Ricardo and Co. and Vauxhall Motors. This collaboration was decided upon after consideration had been given to certain theories and suggestions put forward by Mr. H. R. Ricardo and discussed by him with Mr. C. E. King, chief designer to Vauxhall Motors. The engine is of four cylinders, of which the bore and stroke are respectively 85 mm. and 132 mm., its exact capacity being therefore 2985·7 c.c. The behaviour of the engine has been entirely according to plan. It gives a maximum horse-power of over 110, and a speed range which is

beyond 4500 r.p.m. The cylinders take the form of four steel liners in an aluminium block, with detachable heads in pairs. There are four valves per cylinder, and two overhead camshafts, in aluminium cases, driven by a train of spur gears at the front of the engine. Two Zenith carburettors, each with its own induction pipe, are used—one for the two end cylinders, and one for the two centre cylinders. Ignition is by Delco coil and battery specially adapted for high speed, and there is provision for three sparking-plugs per cylinder. The crankshaft is mounted entirely on ball bearings and the big-ends on roller bearings—a praiseworthy endeavour to put the big-end bogey to rest. In view of the high r.p.m. contemplated for the engine, the flywheel is positioned in the centre of the crankshaft and is totally enclosed by the crankcase, which consequently has an unusually robust appearance. Engine, clutch and gear-box form one unit, carried on three trunnion bearings—two on the centre line of the engine, the other at the rear of the gear-box. The whole unit is set very low in the chassis.

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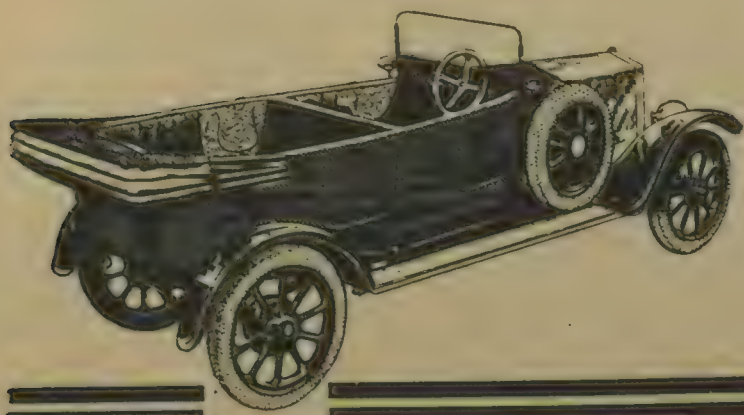
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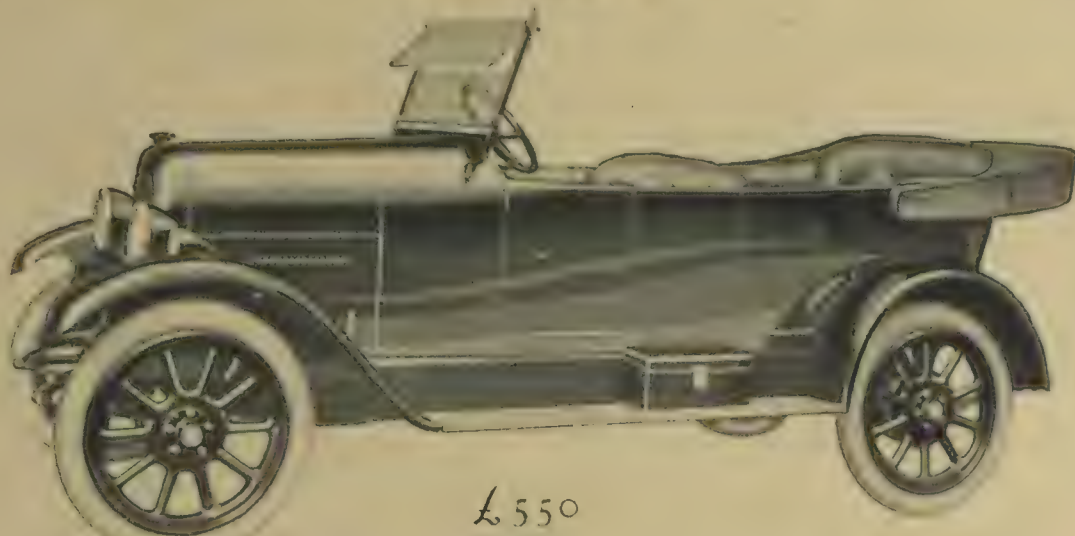
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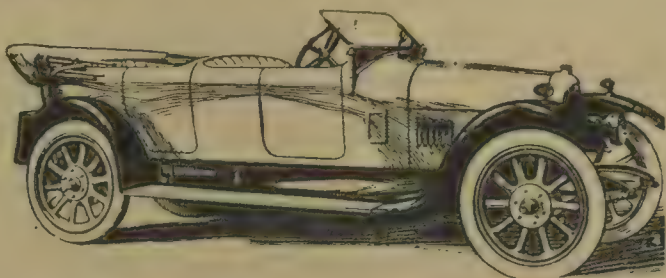
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The Automobile Association recently successfully defended two members at Bromley and Slough Police Courts, who were charged under Section 4 of the Roads Vehicles Regulations for allowing the license-card to become defaced by the action of the sun or rain. In each case the A.A. solicitor contended that while the wording of Section 4 rendered it obligatory for the license-card to be carried so as to be clearly visible whether the vehicle was moving or stationary, there was no requirement that every, or any, letter or figure should be readable, and, moreover, that where the Regulations required this it was stated in explicit language.

The police thereupon argued that under Section 12 of the regulations it was necessary, where a license had become defaced, for the owner of the car to apply to the licensing authority for a duplicate. This, however, was successfully repudiated by the A.A. solicitor on the grounds (a) that the prosecution was not brought under that regulation, and (b) that the word used in that particular regulation was *may* and not *must*, as suggested by the police. The point is one of considerable interest to the motoring community. W. W.

Daily excursions are being carried on by the Oxford and Kingston steamers, which call twice daily, both up and down stream, at all places between Oxford and Kingston. Many attractive and historic places can thus be visited, such as Hampton Court, Windsor, Maidenhead, Marlow, Henley, Pangbourne, Goring, and Oxford. Circular tickets by rail and steamer are issued at many of the important G.W.R., L. and S.W.R., G.C.R., and S.E. and C.R. stations.

First-class season tickets between London and Paris are announced by the S.E. and C.R. Season tickets are also issued between London and Calais or Boulogne. It is anticipated that the innovation will be welcomed, as a facility for business journeys, and will prove specially attractive to residents in Surrey and Kent, because both series include use of all intermediate stations between London and Folkestone, or Dover, via Red Hill, Tonbridge, Maidstone, Ashford, or Canterbury. The Season Ticket Office, Cannon Street Station, E.C., will supply particulars on request.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE FATE OF THE SEA-ELEPHANT.

ALL the world has followed, with interest and admiration, Commander Wild's adventures on board the *Quest*. Since the mantle of Sir Ernest Shackleton fell upon his shoulders, strenuous and perilous days have been his lot. Cruising, indeed, in the Antarctic seas is for those only who can find no pleasure where there is no danger. But the Shackleton-Rowett Expedition was not designed as a "pleasure" trip, but for the furtherance of knowledge on strictly scientific lines. And it is well for us that there are men who are willing, and, it would almost seem, eager, to make the supreme sacrifice in the cause of such expeditions.

But there is a point in Commander Wild's recent relation of the adventures of the *Quest* which gives some of us occasion for a little anxiety. And this concerns his account of the purpose of his recent visit to Elephant Island. This, he tells us, was "to kill sea elephants for fuel, to replace our depleted coal. . . . As we drew near [the island]," he remarks, "we saw that there were numbers of penguins . . . and numerous Weddell seals and sea-elephants asleep on the beach . . . and, arrived at the spit, I immediately shot all the sea-elephants and seals. . . ." These were killed to provide the ship's engines with fuel, and the need was, without doubt, urgent, for men's lives depended on the success of the venture.

But those of us who are concerned with the preservation of the world's fauna, and more especially of its rapidly diminishing larger mammalia, ask: Was it not possible to provide against this shortage of fuel? The *Quest* is a notoriously small ship, and consequently her coal-carrying capacity is limited. This, we suspect, was fully realised when the expedition was planned, the seals and sea-elephants being marked down in advance, to make good the deficit in coal when the time came. It is a common and thoroughly justified complaint that science and scientific research in this country are starved. We are therefore thankful when expeditions of this kind find supporters in generous and public-spirited benefactors. Yet at the same time we deplore the exploitation of zoology to advance the researches of the oceanographer, the meteorologist, and the physicist.

It may be urged that there are plenty of seals and sea-elephants yet, in the desolate regions of the Antarctic—that, indeed, they still exist in thousands. This may be true. But, nevertheless, these animals are seriously menaced. They are at the mercy, not merely of occasional scientific expeditions, but also of commercial enterprises, out for dividends derived from the sale of oil, obtained from the "blubber" which defends these creatures from the icy waters in which

they live. It is not so long ago that the world was horrified and disgusted by the depredations of one of these oil-producing companies, who had established a station on the Macquarries for the purpose of boiling down penguins for the sake of their oil. In this case the wretched victims were made to "walk the plank" into boiling cauldrons, to save the trouble of "killing" them! Many thousands of sea-elephants have already been done to death to furnish oil. And thus it has come about that they have but this one remaining stronghold left. Elsewhere they have been absolutely wiped out. We must take care that a remnant remains. We have many lamentable instances of extermination to serve us as examples of what will inevitably happen unless these animals are safeguarded.

Take the case of Steller's sea-cow, a near relative of the manatee and the dugong. It was formerly an inhabitant of the shores of two small islands of the North Pacific—Behring, and the adjacent Copper Island—on the former of which it was discovered by the ill-fated navigator whose name the island bears, when, with the German naturalist Steller, he was wrecked upon it in 1741. During his enforced sojourn there, he discovered that this huge creature—for it attained a length of from 25 to 30 feet—was good for food. It was then extremely numerous around the shallow bays round Behring Island, feeding on seaweed. Russian hunters and traders, who followed on the track of the explorers, at Steller's suggestion, lived upon the flesh of these animals. As a result, within twenty-seven years [after, the last of the race was killed! All that now remains to us of this most interesting animal is the account of its anatomy and habits left by Steller; and a few more or less imperfect skeletons, recovered, in recent times, from the frozen soil of the islands around which it dwelt. The list of beasts and birds which have been thus wantonly destroyed is a lamentably long one. Let us see to it that we perform our duty to posterity by putting fetters upon the exterminators. And more especially let us see to it that men of science have no part in such deplorable deeds. W. P. PYCRAFT.

Twelve of the old legends and romances of the West Country have just been issued in leaflet form, as a first series, by the Great Western Railway. Six deal with Cornwall, and six with Wales. Amongst other tales are those of the building of St. Michael's Mount, the Mermaid of Zennor, the story of Bala Lake and the history of Wales' patron saint, St. David. This interesting series, attractively printed and illustrated, is issued under the title of "The Line to Legendland." Copies may be obtained at any G.W.R. station or office, or will be sent to any address by the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.2., on receipt of twopence in stamps.

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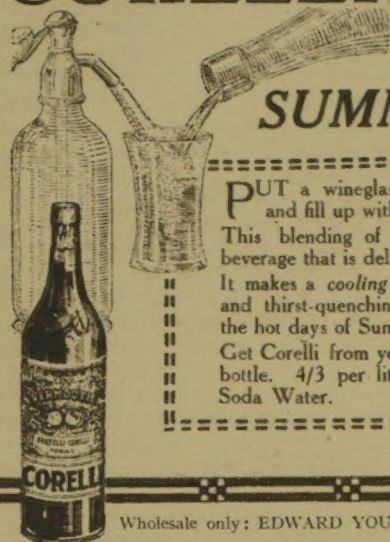
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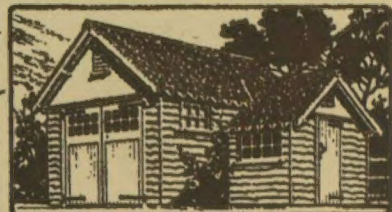
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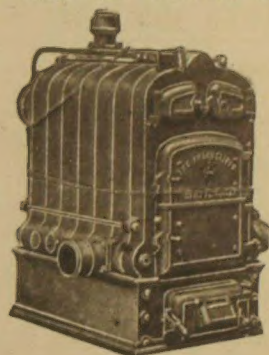
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PICTURES OF JERUSALEM: A FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION.

(See Illustration on Page 953.)

"JERUSALEM," writes Mr. Lionel Cust, "does not reveal its true self to the hurried and ignorant traveller. Pious and competitive traditions through centuries have covered its surface with accretions of a valueless and too often repellent nature from a historical point of view. To know Jerusalem, the traveller must ignore these objects as far as he may be able, and learn to concentrate the mind upon its past, and even its present, history. Jerusalem then becomes wonderfully responsive. Its very buildings begin to tell their story; the stones on the barren hill-side join in; the scarlet anemones in the spring are redolent of both the Old and the New Testaments.

"An artist, therefore, seeking to interpret Jerusalem pictorially, must be one who can see and feel beyond what is actually before his eyes. There is little which is merely picturesque in Jerusalem. There is, however, boundless material for an artist of intelligence and historical learning in addition to his technical skill. Such an artist is Major Benton Fletcher, already well known as one who, from previous knowledge of Jerusalem, even before the war, from prolonged residences in the East, and from his own personal temperament as well as artistic training, is capable of presenting to our notice many of the most

important and interesting buildings in Jerusalem. An exhibition of Major Fletcher's drawings, made this spring, was recently held in the Tower of David at Jerusalem, and aroused so much interest that he was invited to repeat the exhibition in London. It will be held by permission of his Grace the Duke of Somerset at No. 35, Grosvenor Square, on June 29 and 30. Any profit arising from the exhibition will be devoted to the Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem, founded and supported by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England." The Duke of Connaught, Grand Prior of the Order, is giving his patronage, and the opening address will be delivered (at 12 noon on the 29th) by Mr. Ronald Storrs, Governor of Jerusalem. Part of the proceeds of the sale of any of the pictures will go to the restoration of a fifteenth-century hall for the use of the inhabitants of Cobham, near Major Benton Fletcher's home at Ham Manor. One of his drawings of Jerusalem (the Mount of Olives) is given in this issue. Others will appear later.

PASTEUR AND THE GUITRY SEASON AT THE PRINCE'S.

"PASTEUR" came to us originally with two great recommendations, and now that it has been repeated in London as starting-point of a fresh Guitry season at the Prince's, it is pleasing to note that in neither respect has it failed of its old appeal.

For one thing, Sacha Guitry's curious experiment of offering biography in dramatic form still makes good, still holds its audience. Here is a piece which flouts all the time-honoured conventions, abandons the aid of plot and almost any sort of sequence save time-sequence; discards feminine interest, and, indeed, feminine characters altogether; merely presents typical scenes from the life of a famous man, and yet gives its spectators and hearers the satisfaction to be derived from fine art. How is it done? Mainly by showing its great man continually great; by giving him words to say worthy of his mission of healing and scientific research, by placing him in situations which illustrate the gradual triumph of his ideas, and trace the history of a sublimely unselfish career. There are masterly strokes of stage-craft to help the scheme along—thus the scene of the interrupted lecture in which Pasteur's audience and the theatre audience are made one, and critics address him from the auditorium, a scene that went at the Prince's as well as ever; but the real virtue of the actor-author's achievement is that we are able to recognise and accept his hero as a genius. How far this also depends on the particular interpreter of the part it would be hard to say, for "Pasteur" is at the same time a wonderful vehicle for the display of M. Lucien Guitry's histrionic art. Lucien Guitry is Pasteur; the actor and the character he represents are fused together, so that we feel that Pasteur must have been like this.

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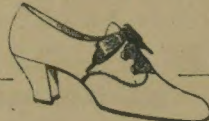
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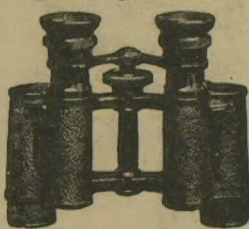
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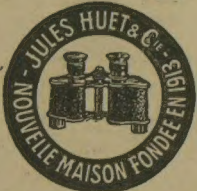
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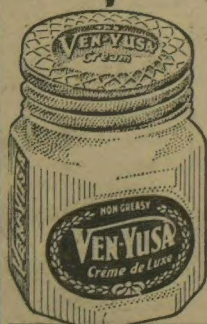


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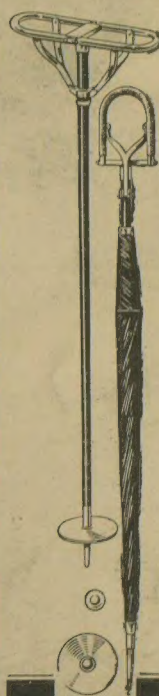
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